BRITANNIA and EVE

AUGUST
1947

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 35, No. 2 AUGUST, 1947

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Sir Walter Scott, born August 15th, 1771, died September 21st, 1832. Famous Scottish writer who created the historical romance, and opened a new epoch in English literature with his Waverley Novels in 1814

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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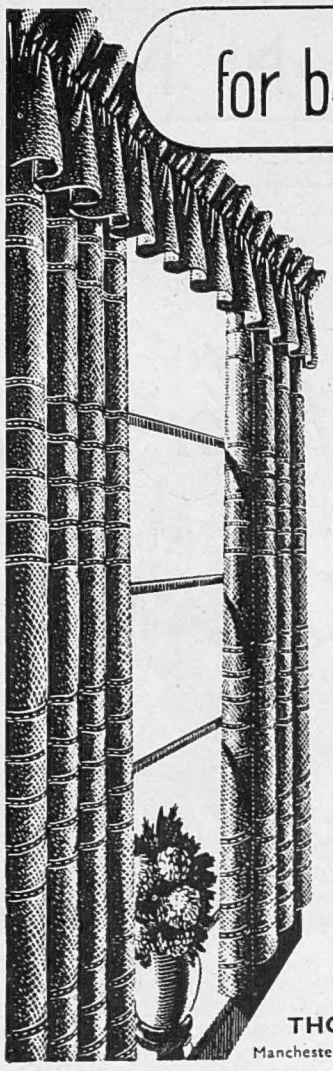

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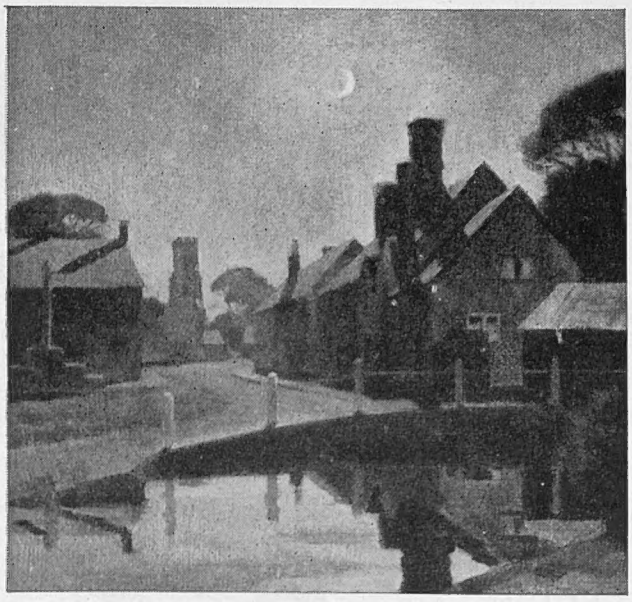

How much is an hour's sleep worth?

Can we sleep less without paying a price for the loss? Many serious thinkers believe so, but recent experiments suggest otherwise.

In these experiments boys were deprived of two hours' sleep at night. Next day, they used up twenty-five per cent more energy than usual doing brain work. The fact is that the loss of even one hour's sleep has to be paid for out of our store of energy.

Still more important than the *length*, is the *quality* of sleep we get. One hour of deep sleep is worth three of fitful sleep. That is why Horlicks is of such value at bedtime. It promotes the deep unbroken sleep we need for renewed energy next day. . . . Horlicks remains in short supply.

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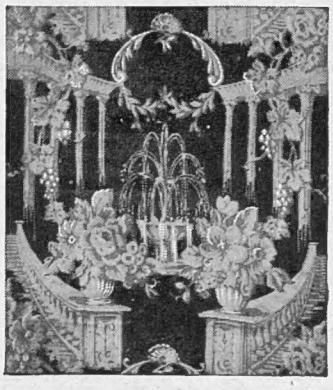

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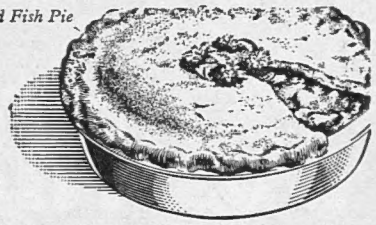

Let's have a change with F·I·S·H

One of the many good things to be said for fish is that it cooks so quickly. Worth remembering in the warm weather when you don't want to spend much time in a hot kitchen!

When BOILING or STEAMING fish allow
For a thin piece, 7 minutes per pound and 7 minutes extra.
For a thick piece, 10 minutes per pound and 10 minutes extra.

When BAKING fish allow
For a piece up to 4 pounds, 10 minutes per pound and 5 minutes for each additional pound, although the time required depends very largely on the thickness of the fish.

Why not keep a look out for new fish recipes? Then you can serve fish two or three times a week and each time it will be a pleasant surprise. Here are two to start with. All, of course, are kitchen-tested.

CURRIED FISH PIE

1 lb. fillet of fish, 1½ level tablespoons curry powder, 3 level tablespoons flour, 3 oz. dates, chopped, 3 oz. onion, chopped, 3 level teaspoons salt, ¼ level teaspoon pepper, just under ¼ pint milk and water, 6 oz. short-crust pastry.

Skin fish and cut into cubes. Dip cubes in curry powder and flour mixed together. Place fish, dates, onion and seasoning in alternate layers in greased pie-dish (1½ pint size). Sprinkle any remaining curry powder and flour over fish and pour over the milk and water. Cover with the pastry in usual way, make a 1" slit in pastry cover. Bake in moderate oven for 30 minutes.

FISH AND GREEN SALAD

8 oz. cooked fish, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, fresh or dried, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, pinch of paprika pepper, pinch of black pepper, 1-1½ level teaspoons salt, 1 level tablespoon chopped onion, 2 level tablespoons salad dressing, 1 lettuce, 1 bunch of watercress, ¼ pint cooked peas, a few cooked runner beans when available, parsley.

Mix fish, egg, parsley, seasonings and onion well together. Add salad dressing. Divide mixture into four mounds and arrange on a dish on a bed of lettuce. Decorate with watercress, peas, beans if used, and parsley.

FISH FACTS

Lb. for lb. fish contains the same quality *and* almost the same quantity of body-building nourishment as beef. This is the nourishment that makes muscle and other tissues. Fish also gives you a valuable amount of calcium, the mineral so important in the building of bones and teeth.

Where there's FISH *there's a good meal* MF

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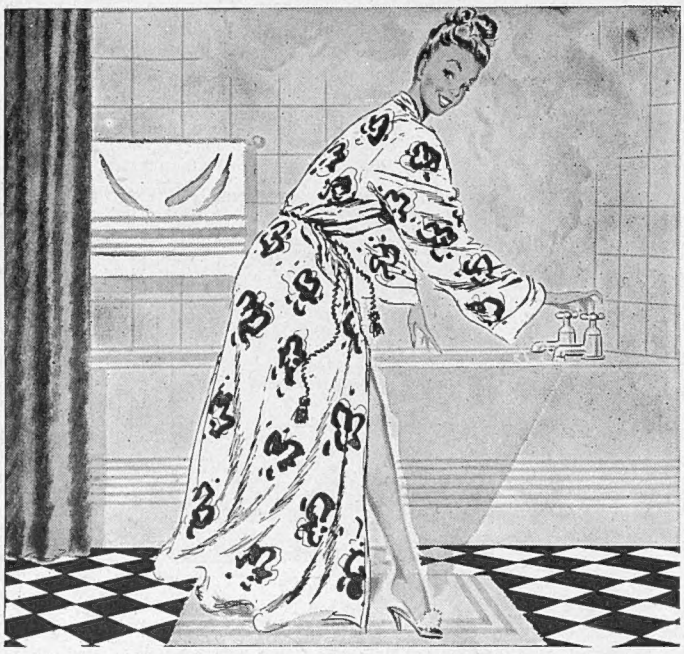

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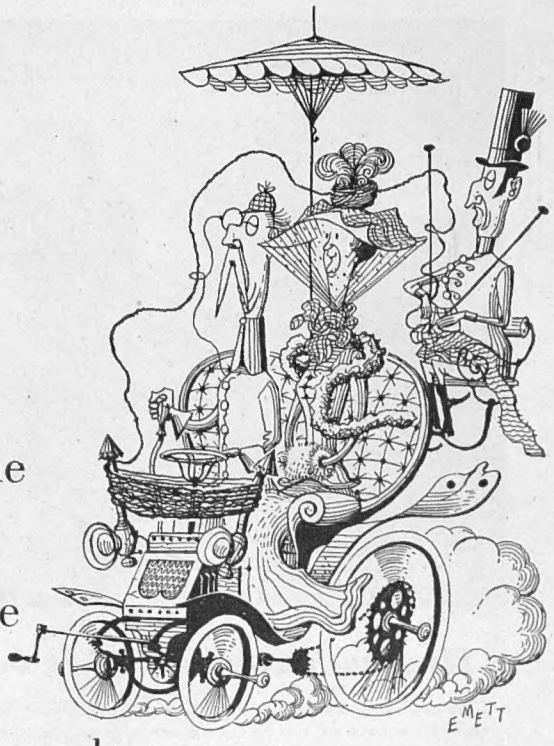

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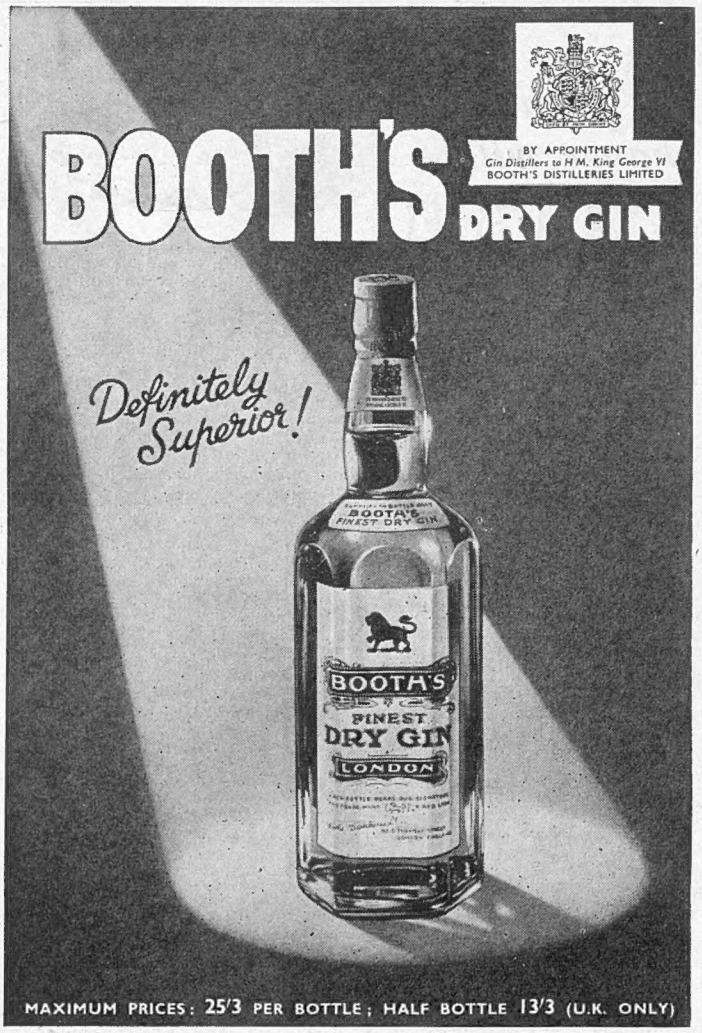

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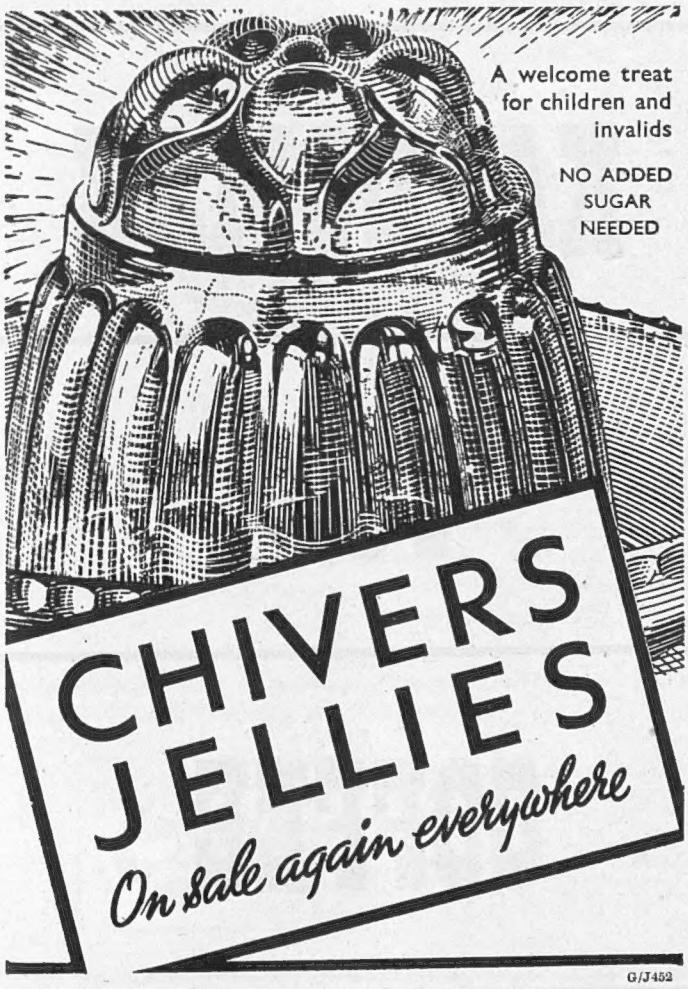

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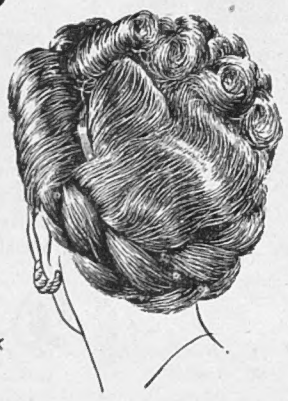

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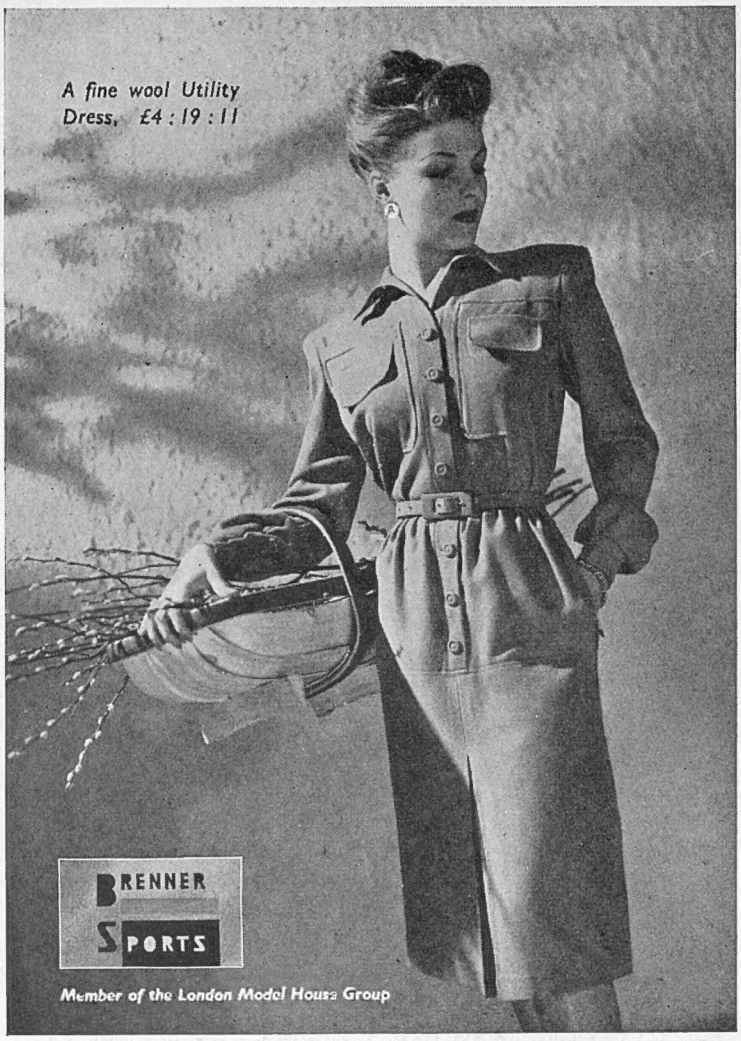

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Britannia and Eve

Elizabethans watching mountebanks at an August fair.

Right across the roadway, plainly visible in the light of the headlamps, lay a large tree

The Mandarin Gang

A Short Story

By

C. V. Tench

HORN blaring raucously, headlamps flaring, the rakish, low-slung black-and-silver automobile came hurtling out of the St. Denis Wood, some forty miles from Paris, missed the police car by bare inches and, with a final mocking blast of its horn, thundered on into the night.

"*Mon Dieu!*" Chief Inspector Henri Rousseau, at the wheel of the police car, cursed explosively, braked to a halt and turned to Alphonse Bertillon in the seat at his side.

"Shall I turn and follow, sir?" he asked. "*Mon Dieu!* But they must have been up to something to be travelling at such speed. Might even be the ones we are looking for."

"I wonder?" Bertillon turned to look back after the other car. "But follow? My dear Henri! That was an Isotta-Fraschini. We could not hope to catch up with it in this machine. But why try? A big silver-and-black Isotta-Fraschini should not be hard to trace, so trace it we shall. Anyway, we are four tired and hungry men. Just now my chief interest is in food, wine and sleep. Forward, *mon ami*!"

Muttering angrily to himself, Rousseau again started up the police car, while his fellow-officers—Detectives Francois Levallois and Pierre Dupont—grinned at one another. Abruptly they stopped smiling and looked at Bertillon respectfully as he added:

"A young girl was driving that car. I just glimpsed that she was very pretty, with flaming red hair and dark eyes. How many men rode with her I could not make out, but I 'd say at least six. So I wonder if, after all, they were members of the Mandarin Gang, the ones we are seeking?"

"Likely, sir," Rousseau agreed, now sending the police car along at top speed. "They do things in a big way, and a large and very costly Isotta-Fraschini is about the kind of a car they would use."

"But such a machine is also conspicuous and, as I said, easily traced," Bertillon pointed out. "And a girl was driving it. No, my dear Henri, more likely the ones in that car were merely half-tipsy roisterers. But, of course," he added with a faint smile, "lately you have let the Mandarin Gang obsess you, eh?"

"Bah!" Rousseau snorted. "And why not? Are we not deluged with complaints about the depredations of this gang, headed, apparently, by a young Chinese who poses as a mandarin? Bad cheques, confidence tricks, money and jewellery stolen from some of the best homes and shops. The Mandarin Gang!" He spat fiercely. "We shall never again know peace of mind until we have run them down."

"Now, now!" Bertillon soothed. "Do not let that hot temper of yours affect your judgment, Henri. Eventually we shall get something to go on, and then running the gang to earth will be but a matter of routine."

Rousseau muttered something and gave his full attention to his driving. And then for the second time that night he suddenly cursed explosively and braked the car to a slithering stop, for there, right across the roadway, plainly visible in the light of the headlamps, lay a large tree.

Scrambling from their car, Bertillon, Rousseau, Levallois and Dupont grouped themselves about the obstruction.

"See!" Bertillon exclaimed. "Recently felled."

"And look!" Like the others, Rousseau was now using a powerful flashlight. "Whoever cut it down knew how to use an axe."

"And I think it was the ones in the Isotta-Fraschini, sir," put in Levallois. "See! Here are a woman's footprints."

"I 'm sure now, sir," Rousseau added, "that they were members of the Mandarin Gang. Wonder what the devil they 've been up to this time?"

"As soon as we reach a 'phone we 'll find out," Bertillon answered. "Now we must move this obstruction."

It took a full half-hour with the use of ropes, a jack and the car to drag the tree-trunk to one side.

"Now why," Bertillon then panted, "did they stop and work for precious minutes to fell this tree when they had such a fast car?"

" It indicates, sir," Rousseau replied thoughtfully, " that our men must have been close on their heels. Or perhaps," he added, " this time they have done something more grave."

" You mean murder ? " Bertillon asked. " So far, they have not killed."

" But there 's always a first time," Rousseau reminded.

" Yes," Bertillon agreed.

FOR another fifteen minutes Rousseau tooled the police car along the winding road through the gloomy St. Denis Wood.

" Ah ! " Bertillon sighed. " Soon now, wine, food and——"

" Look, sir ! " Levallois suddenly interrupted, craning forward. " What 's that light ? It seems to be flashing like a signal."

As Rousseau stopped the car all stared in the direction of Levallois' pointing finger. About a mile away a faint light was flicking on and off.

" Is it a signal ? " Bertillon asked.

" I don't think so, sir," Rousseau answered. " I can just make out a building of some kind, and it could be the moon shining through undraped windows."

" But why the flicker ? "

" It could be caused by something—perhaps a curtain or blind—blowing backwards and forwards," Rousseau suggested.

" Well, definitely we must investigate," Bertillon decided, " so drive as near as you can and we 'll walk the rest of the way."

" No flashlights or talking," Bertillon ordered when Rousseau presently halted the car ; then they all warily walked towards the house. Presently they were against its walls, the only sound the creaking of the open front door swaying in the wind.

" Seems to be only a deserted chateau, sir," Rousseau whispered.

" Yet I feel that there 's something wrong," Bertillon replied softly. " Do you all feel that way ? "

The others nodded.

" Then produce your guns and flashlights and follow me," Bertillon added, mounting the front porch. For a moment he stood there listening, then, switching on his torch, entered.

" Apparently deserted ! " he then exclaimed, " yet very well furnished. And that flickering light is occasioned by moonlight and—*mon Dieu !* "

He broke off abruptly, and the others drew swift breaths as they saw what was swinging to and fro, causing the light they had seen to flicker. Suspended from a stout beam in the ceiling, a rope about his neck, hung a man. His hands and feet were bound with thin cord and a cushion-cover had been drawn over his head.

On the instant Levallois dragged forward a chair and, producing a knife, climbed up and cut the rope. The others caught the body and lifted it on to a couch.

" Is he dead ? " Bertillon asked as Rousseau felt for a heart-beat.

" Yes," Rousseau nodded. " Now let 's see who he is." He withdrew the cushion-cover and all four exclaimed aloud.

" It 's poor Le Pante ! " Bertillon breathed. " Then, definitely, this is the handiwork of the Mandarin Gang, for Le Pante has been doing nothing else but work on the Mandarin case for weeks. And this must be their lair." He flashed his torch all round. " And pretty comfortable they were in this isolated chateau. But knowing they 'll never be able to use it again, they left something for us to find."

" And even boasted about it," put in Levallois, who had been going through Le Pante's pockets. " Look, sir !"

Breathing heavily, all four studied the sheet of paper Levallois had found. On it was scrawled :

" If necessary for our safety, we kill. Be warned."

" Be warned ! " Bertillon's face darkened. " The scum ! Do they think that they can frighten us ? No ! We must determine that La Guillotine shall taste the blood of these swine ! We——"

Abruptly he, Rousseau, Levallois and Dupont wheeled swiftly as suddenly the front door crashed open. Flashlights bathed them in light and a stern voice commanded : " Hands up ! One move and——"

The order ended on a startled note as officers stormed into the room.

" Why, you, sir ! " exclaimed the one in charge, recognising Bertillon.

" Yes ! " Bertillon snapped, in turn recognising Inspector C. Maupert. " What——"

" *Mon Dieu !* " Maupert suddenly caught sight of Le Pante's corpse. " The devils ! From thieving and confidence games to killing, eh ? We must get them now, sir."

" We shall," Bertillon promised grimly. " But exactly what happened ? "

" While you were away, sir, Le Pante, in the guise of a charcoal-burner, found this hide-out of the mob. Barely two hours ago he managed to 'phone me. I set out with two car-loads of men, but the second car broke down. Now——" He shrugged expressively. " Well, sir, Le Pante is dead and the gang have got away. And it must have been Jules Voland who tipped them off."

" Jules Voland ! " Bertillon tautened. " But he was working with Le Pante ; was one of our informers. I thought——"

" I also thought that Voland was to be trusted," Maupert cut in savagely. " But for two days he has failed to report ; now I can guess why. They must have paid him more than we."

" Well," Bertillon answered firmly, " we shall see that he dies last. Let him first see the others have their heads sliced off. And what else have you to report ? "

" The Mandarin Gang have just pulled off another coup, sir ; got a diamond necklace worth all of a million francs from Jaubard, the jeweller."

" Jaubard should have known better than to fall for their trickery."

" Oh, they worked it very well, sir ; usual methods. One of the mob, posing as a Chinese mandarin, had Jaubard bring the necklace to his hotel ; said it was his wife's birthday. Jaubard arrived, was greatly impressed by the mandarin's manner and the elegance of his clothing and hotel suite. The mandarin took the necklace, saying that he would show it to his wife in the next room. Minutes passed, and Jaubard, becoming apprehensive, tried to get out. He found all doors were locked. By the time his cries brought help, the mandarin had flown. But I wonder, sir, if the one who poses as a mandarin is really Chinese ? "

" According to all accounts, he has the slant eyes, the yellow skin, the slim figure and small, black moustache of a Chinese," Bertillon reminded. " But that is merely incidental." He again eyed Le Pante's still form, added, his voice a shade unsteady : " Nationality means nothing to the blade of La Guillotine, so here in poor Le Pante's presence we must vow that we shall not rest until we have captured all members of the mob. Now let us search and see what we can find here."

At once every light in the chateau was brought into use, and Bertillon and the others went through the place from cellar to attic with a fine-tooth comb.

" So ! " Bertillon then said when they were all again gathered in the drawing-room. " All we have learned is that this chateau is

The mandarin, now dressed like an apache, was pressing the gun he held right against Rousseau's head. "Now shoot!" he challenged. "Go on—if you want your friend to die!"

luxuriously furnished and that they enjoyed the best of everything; lived in luxury. But to-day we have at least found one lead."

As the others stared at him inquiringly, Bertillon explained:

"It goes back to the tree they felled to delay likely pursuit. You 'll recall that it revealed expert axe-manship. I now remember that a criminal named Courtaud, alias d'Artagnan, found it convenient to go to Canada for a time. Since his return he has been noted among members of the underworld for his deftness with an axe, skill he acquired in the lumber camps of Quebec. Obviously, he is now a member of the Mandarin Gang, so if we can but trace him, he should lead us to the others."

"Trace them?" Rousseau stared all about the chateau thoughtfully. "D'you suppose, sir, that there 's a chance that they might return? They seem to have left in a hurry, so might return for personal things."

"So?" Bertillon queried.

"How would it be, sir, if I stayed here whilst you others returned to Paris?"

"Well——" Bertillon hesitated, glanced at his watch. "It is after midnight, Henri, and you are tired. Could you keep awake?"

"Yes, sir. I would put out all the lights and prowl around outside."

"Very well," Bertillon agreed. "But we shall return in the morning."

And return in the morning Bertillon, Dupont, Levallois and other officers did, but Rousseau was not there to meet them!

" Search ! " Bertillon ordered. Officers at once swarmed all through the chateau and the grounds. And then one of them whistled. Joining him, the others found him pointing to where the ground had been churned up by struggling feet.

" So they did return," Bertillon commented, " and apparently overpowered Henri. And look ! " He leaned over, pointing. " Evidently this is where Henri laid after, no doubt, being tied hand and foot. But Henri is resourceful. See ! With one heel he scored this arrow in the earth, and it is pointing towards Paris."

" But why did they not kill Henri ? " Levallois asked puzzledly. " Why take him prisoner ? "

" I would say," Bertillon answered thoughtfully, " that they are astute enough to know that they cannot go on for ever, and now that they have committed murder, are likely planning on fleeing France. Henri provides a hostage. With him, perhaps, they think that they can bargain with us, their terms, no doubt, unimpeded exit from France."

" And they have got us there," Dupont put in, " for they have now proven that if expedient they will kill."

" Kill ! " Bertillon's eyes gleamed. " If they do kill Henri, then when we do at last corner them, we shall see to it that not one of them is captured alive. And now we will return to Paris and commence our search from there."

FOR days every available officer was hunting for the elusive mob, but without success. And then came the report on the car that had so narrowly missed crashing into the police car on the night of May 20.

" M'm ! " Bertillon grunted as he studied the report. " Bought by Mlle. Haxaire de Joinville, daughter of Frantz de Joinville ! He, I understand, is a reputed biologist and explorer."

" And no doubt it was Mlle. de Joinville who was at the wheel the other night," Levallois suggested.

" Yes," Bertillon nodded. " So, apparently, tracing the car helps us not at all. And what about other progress ? "

" We have a number of informers now at work," Dupont replied, " among them The Lily, the old newspaper pedlar."

" Ah, The Lily ! " Bertillon rubbed his hands together. " The old woman has helped us often before, so perhaps will aid us again. Where is she stationed ? "

" Watching La Sauterelle, a new café that opened but a few months ago down near the St. Martin Canal. From the first it has been nothing but a haunt for apaches and other scum," Dupont explained.

" Good ! " Bertillon commended. " And what else ? "

" Nothing, so far, excepting——" Dupont broke off as the telephone whirred. For long moments Bertillon listened tautly.

" So ! " His eyes were gleaming, and he again rubbed his hands together as he hung up and turned to Dupont and Levallois. " That was to say that The Lily has reported that she saw Courtaud, alias d'Artagnan, enter La Sauterelle less than an hour ago. He was accompanied by a slim young man with slanting, dark eyes. The Lily added that she is certain that the café is merely a blind for underground meeting-places for members of the underworld."

" Then we should raid the place at once," Levallois suggested eagerly.

" I wonder ? " Bertillon frowned worriedly. " We must not forget poor Rousseau, eh ? "

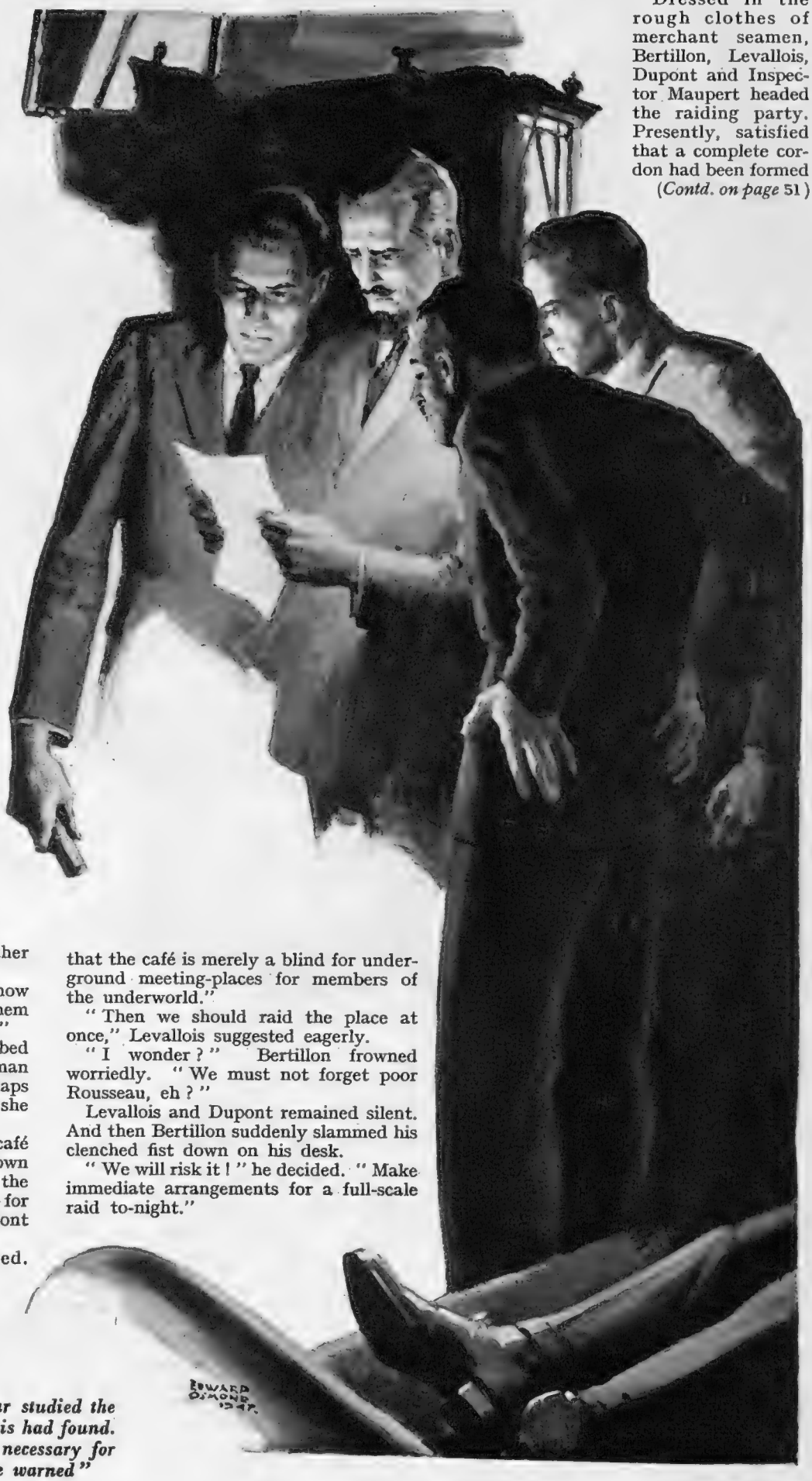
Levallois and Dupont remained silent. And then Bertillon suddenly slammed his clenched fist down on his desk.

" We will risk it ! " he decided. " Make immediate arrangements for a full-scale raid to-night."

LATE that night, singly and in groups, scores of officers converged upon the noisome district centring about La Sauterelle café. Mist rising from the St. Martin Canal aided them. Underworld characters, creatures of the darkness, flitted furtively all about them. Glittering eyes stared from every hole and corner.

Dressed in the rough clothes of merchant seamen, Bertillon, Levallois, Dupont and Inspector Maupert headed the raiding party. Presently, satisfied that a complete cordon had been formed

(*Contd. on page* 51)

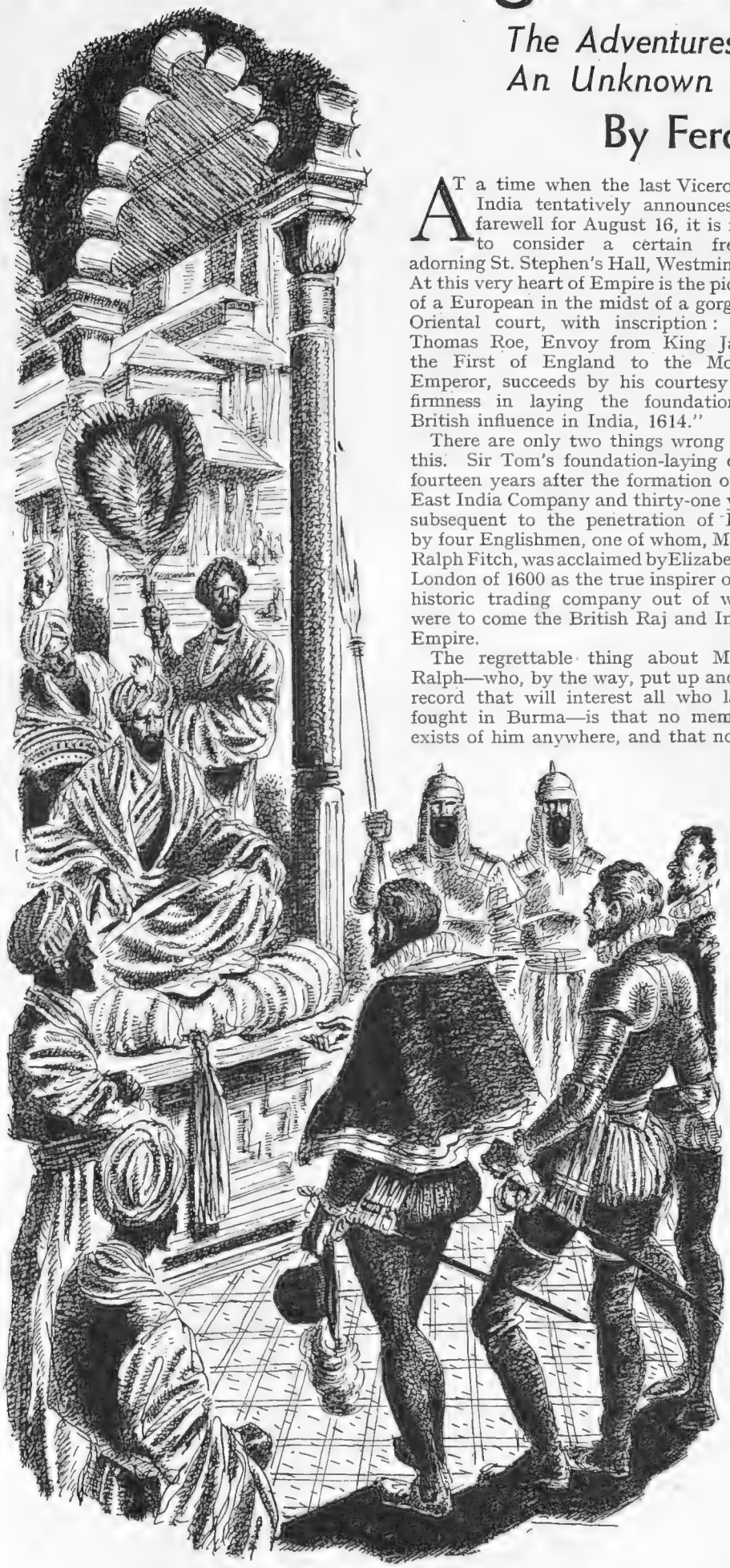


Breathing heavily, all four studied the sheet of paper Levallois had found. On it was scrawled : " If necessary for our safety, we kill. Be warned "

The First Englishmen In India

The Adventures of Some Pioneers On An Unknown Journey To The East

By Ferdinand Tuohy



An envoy from King James the First of England at the Court of the Mogul Emperor

AT a time when the last Viceroy of India tentatively announces his farewell for August 16, it is meet to consider a certain frescoe adorning St. Stephen's Hall, Westminster. At this very heart of Empire is the picture of a European in the midst of a gorgeous Oriental court, with inscription: "Sir Thomas Roe, Envoy from King James the First of England to the Moghul Emperor, succeeds by his courtesy and firmness in laying the foundation of British influence in India, 1614."

There are only two things wrong with this. Sir Tom's foundation-laying came fourteen years after the formation of the East India Company and thirty-one years subsequent to the penetration of India by four Englishmen, one of whom, Master Ralph Fitch, was acclaimed by Elizabethan London of 1600 as the true inspirer of the historic trading company out of which were to come the British Raj and Indian Empire.

The regrettable thing about Master Ralph—who, by the way, put up another record that will interest all who lately fought in Burma—is that no memorial exists of him anywhere, and that no one ever knew what became of him. All the more reason why we should do something about him now, as unquestionably the first Englishman to venture into all sorts and conditions of Indian life.

So the year is 1583 and England wants to export much more in order to improve its standard of life by bigger imports—particularly of those spices which the East is said to hold in such profusion: pepper, nutmeg, cloves, cinnamon, ginger, musk. England wants precious stuffs and stones as well, and gold, silver, pearls and dyes; yet pungent flavourings are really what the Elizabethans cry out for, they being passing fed up with salt meat from autumn to spring, and indifferent fresh meat and too much insipid fish (to please the fishermen) for the rest of the year.

English merchants are determined to reach beyond the Spanish-Portuguese cordon barring the way to the riches and spices of India. Philip rules in Lisbon as well as Madrid and dominates such seaways as are known, so our pioneers set forth very quietly from Gravesend in the *Tiger* bound for Tripoli and Aleppo. They are: John Eldred, John Newbery, Ralph Fitch (merchants), William Leedes (jeweller) and James Story (painter). Others are aboard but needn't concern us.

Eldred held letters from Elizabeth to those "mighty and invincible princes, the King of Cambay (Akbar) and the King of China" but instead decided to run a lines of communication H.Q. at Basra which had been reached by the "old mighty city of Babylon" (Baghdad) near which was the "old tower of Babel yet standing almost as high as the stonework of Paul's steeple in London."

THE other four embarked on the unknown journey down the Persian Gulf to India whose gateways were entirely in the hands of "the Portugals." So much at once became apparent at the island fortress of Hormuz, guarding the gulf, where "the Portugals" flung the Englishmen into prison on the denunciation of Michael Stropene, a competing Venetian merchant, who said the newcomers were spying-adventurers on behalf of Don Antonio, Portuguese Pretender then in London.

Master Newbery's £400 of commodities were mostly impounded and the party was lucky to be shipped south to Goa, then as now Portuguese. It was a coastal voyage calling first at Diu where first mention occurs of "Moors" (Moslems) and "Gentiles" (non-Moslems). The semi-captives were astounded by the size of the women's ears—"often a span in length"—due to being weighted and extended by bangles and ear-rings. Three fingers could be put in an ear-hole and it was explained that ears were enlarged so that they should be different to monkeys' small ones.

Other sources of amazement were the vegetarianism, (*Continued on page* 61)

The Sky's

MAYBE you're one of those people who like to take it easy on your travels, moving from place to place slowly, admiring the scenery along the way. If so, there are lots of modes of travel for you, ranging in velocity from three miles an hour, by muleback, up to the conventional aeroplane, at 300 miles an hour, or 100 times as fast as the mule.

But just possibly you are one of the moderns, with notions of going somewhere fast. Maybe you like to get from point A to point B in the least possible time. Possibly business takes you to Australia or India, but you can't spare the time to fly there at a measly 300 miles an hour, with stop-overs along the way.

In that case, what's for you?

Well, within five years it now seems safe to predict, you'll be able to travel on aeroplanes that streak through the sky at 1,500 miles an hour or better—planes moreover that will be five to ten times bigger than today's largest, carrying upward of 500 passengers at a clip. And not too long after that, it begins to appear, you'll actually be able to fly by rocket, crossing the Atlantic in from twenty to forty-five minutes.

For the age of flight, in which for these last twenty-five years we thought we had been living, has really only begun to dawn. Out of the engineering laboratories are now beginning to come engines and aeroplanes of an entirely new order of speeds and power. From now on, literally, the sky's the limit.

Those 1,500-mile-an-hour planes will do something rather important to the apparent size of the familiar old earth. Fifteen hundred miles an hour is such a speed as will bring every point on the globe's surface within eight hours or less of every other point. So, if you're a tired business man, rushing over to China to close a deal before the week-end, or if you're a vacation tripper wanting to sample the delights of holidays in foreign lands but have little time to waste *en route*, you'll be able to fly halfway around the world—yes, 12,000 miles—in one ordinary working day of eight hours.

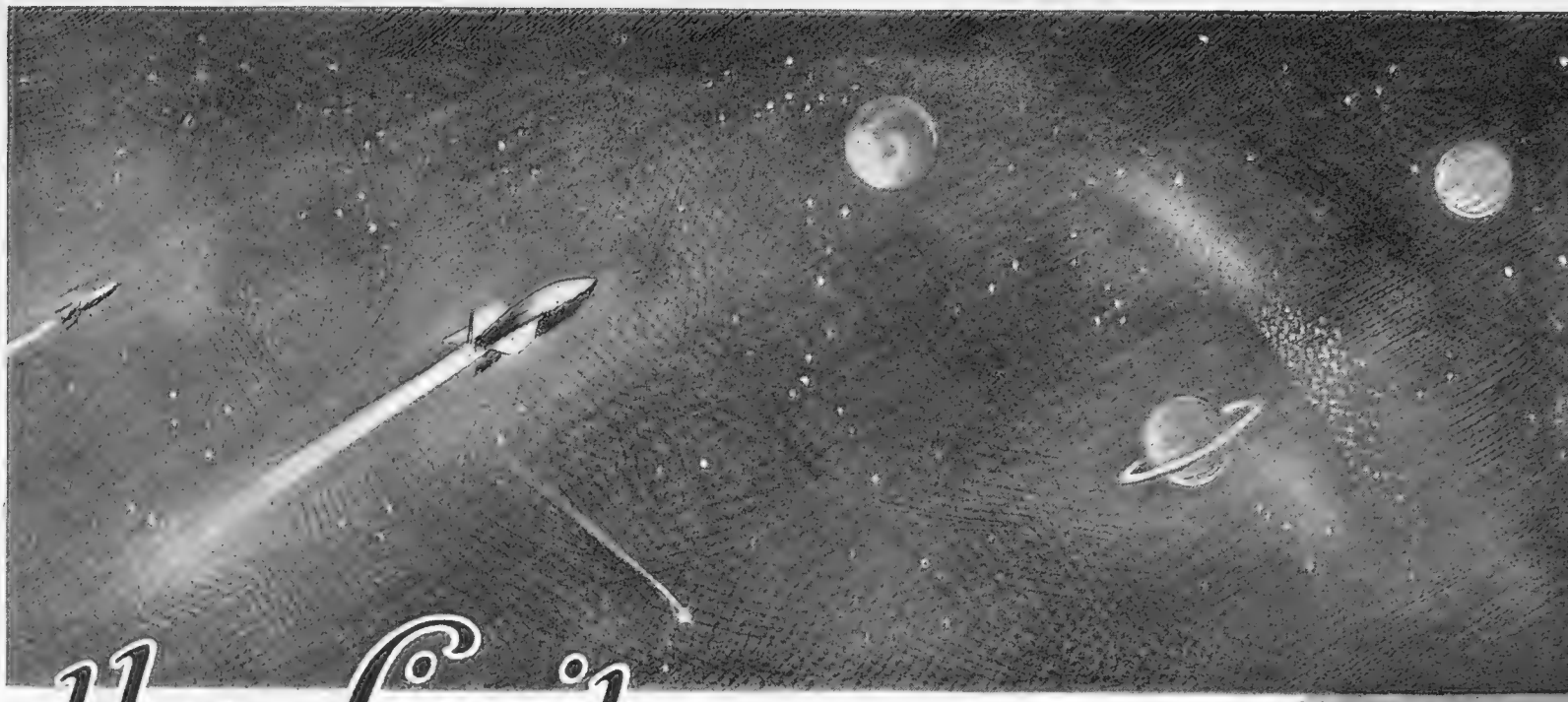
IT will be done with jet-propelled aircraft, of course; planes able to fly at altitudes up to eight or possibly ten miles, where the air is thin enough to permit such velocities. It's cold up there, but you'll be in a nice, warm, comfortable cabin, air-conditioned, bright and sunny. There'll be no bumps, ice or storms—except possibly during the brief periods of take-off and landing, when the plane must necessarily pass through the "weather zone" within the first three or four miles above the surface of the earth—the region where the average passenger plane of today flies its entire route.

At *your* flight altitude of over eight miles there'll not only be no *bad* weather: there won't be any kind of weather at all. The thin atmosphere up there is so very cold—seventy degrees below zero, or approximately the temperature of dead winter at the South Pole—that all of the moisture is frozen out of it. There's none left to produce clouds, fog, rains or snow, or even ice on the wings. The temperature at high altitudes varies from night to day, of course, but not nearly as much as nearer the surface, because the air isn't thick enough to absorb any great amount of light and heat from the sun. Thus while there may be winds, there'll be no storms at the jet-plane flight levels.

Great speed at such heights is made possible by the fact that nearly all of the earth's atmosphere is compressed, by its own weight, into a dense layer near the earth's surface, extending from sea level up to about eight miles. Above that, there is so little air an aeroplane can make almost any speed in it, providing it has an engine that can suck in enough oxygen to keep going. Jet engines are built in such a way that they do just that. In a jet engine the air enters at the front, is compressed by a rapidly spinning air compressor, and is squeezed into a combustion chamber, where fuel is squirted into it and burned. The gases of combustion are jetted out behind, giving the engine its push. The faster such an engine goes, the more air it scoops up. Therefore, at high altitudes, if it goes fast enough, it can get almost as much air to breathe as at sea level.

For this reason the jet plane at high altitude not only *can* fly fast: it *must* do so in order to obtain enough power for the flight.

BUT can human beings travel at such speeds? This is a question that has been raised many times in the last hundred years; almost every time some new and more efficient way of travelling has come along. About a century ago, when



the Limit

The Age Of Flight, In Which For The Past Twenty-five Years We Thought We Had Been Living, Has Really Only Begun To Dawn

By

G. Edward Pendray

George Stephenson, the English railroad builder, announced that he planned to construct a locomotive that could travel twice as fast as a mail coach, members of Parliament proposed a law against it, on the reasonable-sounding ground that people couldn't stand such velocities as fifteen miles an hour.

Fortunately, since that day a lot has been learned about how fast folks can go. It is now known that we can travel at literally *any speed*. You can ride at three miles an hour, or at 3,000, without experiencing the slightest unpleasant effect whatsoever; a fact that everybody on earth demonstrates every day. For this spaceship we are all riding on, the earth, is continually travelling at about 65,000 miles an hour—some eighteen miles a second—in its course around the sun. Because it's a smooth, steady ride, we aren't aware of the tremendous velocity of it.

The limiting factor on travel is not the velocity, but the rate at which the speed is built up or slowed down at the beginning and end of the trip—what the engineers call acceleration. You could safely ride in a cannon shell if there were some way of making the starting and stopping gentler.

The big jet planes of the future will, of course, have to avoid too-rapid acceleration at the take-off and landing. Experience indicates that this problem won't be so very difficult. Passengers will probably find the acceleration not too much greater than that of the regular aeroplanes of to-day.

THERE will be other differences, however, between flight on 1,500-mile-an-hour jet planes and the usual experience of air travel. For one thing, there will be little or no noise from the engines, for at 1,500 miles an hour, the plane will be moving at nearly double the speed of sound, and the roar of the jets will be left far behind. Inside the cabin there will probably be only a slight whispering or hissing, communicated through the structure of the ship; the sound of the engines sucking in the rarefied atmosphere at the forward part of the ship, and compressing it into their firing chambers.

Because of the comparative quiet, and the absence of any landmarks to indicate speed, there may actually be little or no sense of movement when the ship really gets aloft and levels off for the long flight. Except on most unusually clear days, the earth's surface will not be visible. Too much dust, fog, clouds and sun-glare in the thicker atmosphere below. The ship will seem, to passengers, to be hanging or floating over the surface of an ocean of pearly iridescent haze. The radar operator alone will be able to see the earth clearly. To him it will be spread out on his navigating 'scope like a constantly changing map. Maybe, as a new and reassuring experience for the customers, each seat in the plane will be equipped with a similar radar 'scope so the passengers, too, can watch the earth moving far beneath them.

The heavens will be interesting, though, in their own right. Even in broad daylight, at that altitude, the stars will be visible. The sun will be blazing alongside of them—just a near and very bright star among all the rest. The sunlight will be extraordinarily brilliant, and probably will contain a great deal of ultra-violet light and other radiations that never reach the surface of the earth, because the lower atmosphere absorbs them. The jet plane windows may have to consist of special ray-absorbent glass, or else everybody aboard will get back to earth with a flaming sunburn.

If it's only a (*Continued on page* 68)

Decoration by J. Nicolson

You Want To Rest?

By C. Patrick Thompson

"THE man has lived ten lives in one lifetime. He had a kidney operation as a boy, his appendix out at fifty, two bad goes of pneumonia when he was nearing seventy, and working as hard as Roosevelt—and you know *his* brain arteries burst under the strain—and now he has an operation for hernia and mends as fast as a boy. What's he got that other people lack?"

The American editor asking that rhetorical question was passing through London en route for Carlsbad. He had got a well-known physician and myself to lunch to get a line on certain things that interested him. Mainly, he was curious about fatigue.

How tired were people here, really? Was it true that Britons were war-weary and that was half the cause of our troubles? Was it a tenable theory that the people had swung Left under the wishful thought that Socialism and the Socialists would shoulder all their cares, and they needn't bother any more about anything, including the need to work hard to hold a job? How did Attlee relax, and what kept that over-weight Bevin from cracking up under Molotov's pounding? The main attraction at Carlsbad was a bulky Russian foreign minister recuperating at the springs for the November showdown battle.

I could answer his question about our distinguished invalid. Certainly Churchill had something most others lack. As a young officer observer in the Cuban war, he studied the siesta, and developed the habit of resting himself. A line from the current film drama woven around the atomic bomb pin-pointed a popular illusion about him: "This man never sleeps." Never sleeps? Why, while the ordinary busy man works too long at a stretch, and under-sleeps, this extraordinary man breaks his work day in two, and divides them by solid sleep sessions. If he works till 3 a.m., he sleeps five hours; and after lunch, he gets out of his clothes and into pyjamas and bed, and sleeps till six. He doesn't golf: that uses physical energy. He paints: it's more restful than fishing. He doesn't sit on a chair, he practically reclines in it; and when he can lie instead of sitting, he lies.

A well-nourished, well-rested organism, and so one amply stored with reserve vitality.

I GOT interested myself after this lunch talk, and had the doctor pass me on to some of the specialists. I found that there is an intense research going on now in this neglected and mysterious field of resting up the human muscles, nerves, and soul. Fatigue, like birth, death and toothache, has always been with us; but the acceleration and growing complexity of life is fast making it a Number One problem. Psychologists and psychiatrists now explain many varied maladies, as well as the rise in road, industrial and home accidents, and human failures of all kinds, in terms of obscure but preventible fatigue. The phenomenon has a commercial angle. Bracers, revivers, and peppers-up, along with sedatives—sleeplessness being a fatigue reflex—are among the fastest-selling lines in chemists' shops.

Studies in fatigue weave their way through mazes of dreams and illusions; and in the tortuous lanes one makes the most unexpected encounters. I remember dining and going on to a boxing match at the old N.S.C. with the first Sir George Lewis, most celebrated solicitor of his day, a suave, astute showman in a silk-lined evening cape. He lived what the average citizen would call an ideal life, between his office and town house, and his place by the sea at Rottingdean. Two weeks after this meeting George Lewis fell under a train in Switzerland. He'd worked and worried himself to that abrupt and violent end. He was in on the secrets of half of fashionable London, but the most important secret of all he'd never learned: the secret of personal rest.

American Presidents have a very limited life-expectation after their term expires. They over-strain themselves (heart disease kills two in three (*Continued on page* 51)

Atlantic Calling

An Airman's Idea Of Duty Which Went Even Beyond "Faithful Unto Death"

By

David Robertson

THE blueish radiance of the Neon lighting in the ceiling shed a spectral clarity throughout the narrow length of the operations room. To the controllers in their glass-fronted gallery, each symbol on the huge Atlantic chart which covered the opposite wall stood out distinctly—the brightly coloured cards representing the convoys; the little butterflies which indicated patrolling aircraft; the cigar-shapes of suspected U-boats; the large black arrows, suitably feathered to tell the strength and direction of the wind in the various areas; the whole showing a complete picture of the Battle of the Atlantic from hour to hour.

From time to time, a Waaf or a Wren mounted one of the long movable ladders to alter positions in accordance with the latest messages passed from the signals office: occasionally a controller or a navigator walked across to the chart for a closer look: as a continuous accompaniment to the scene, telephones rang and were answered with staccato brevity. Here was ordered activity, in which each individual played his own tiny part in a stupendous drama, with the perfection born of long practice. It seemed almost too well organized to be a cog in the machinery of war, the arch-enemy of order. It was half-past nine in the evening of an ordinary day in the life of a Combined Headquarters.

In the controllers' gallery, the naval and air force controllers were divided from each other by a swing-door, on one side of which someone had affixed a card bearing the word "Wind," on the other side, one inscribed "Water." The door was constantly aswing as representatives of "Wind" and "Water" exchanged the latest information as it came in.

In the Royal Air Force control room, the Air Officer Commanding had come down, as he usually did after dinner, to hear the latest information regarding the aircraft on patrol, to have a word with the meteorological officer on duty and to speak, if necessary, to one or other of his station commanders on the direct telephone lines.

The duty controller made his report. All was going well and the weather was moderately good for the Atlantic in November, though there was a fairly strong sea running, which would be making things uncomfortable in the convoys. The meteorological officer reported a "front" moving east-south-east from the Western Atlantic, but the aircraft would all be on the way back ahead of it. The pre-dawn patrols next morning might have difficulty in getting off, but that would have to be dealt with when the time came. An aircraft of 924 Squadron had been out to the extreme limit of her range and the convoy which she had been protecting would be outside the limit of the group's aircraft by the morning. This aircraft—letter "G"—should now be well on her way back to base and a report might be expected as soon as she came within safe range.

A Waaf messenger from the signals office came into the room with a message, which she handed to the controller. He glanced at it and handed it to the A.O.C.

" 'G' having a spot of bother, sir. One port engine packed up. He is coming back on three. Should be all right, though he's got a fairish way to go."

The A.O.C. read the flimsy and handed it back. "Get the navigator to work out the time when he should make base. Is the weather all right at Narforth? We might divert him there. It's half an hour shorter."

The assistant controller slipped out to speak to the navigator, whose table was on the floor of the operations room proper. The controller had himself put through by telephone to the operations room at Narforth and spoke to the controller there. The weather, he learned, was clear and he warned them to be ready to receive "G" of 924 Squadron. "I'll let you know what time to expect her, when we've worked it out," he said and rang off. Then he rang up the commanding officer at Burbane, where 924 Squadron was stationed. He found him in the station operations room, whither he had come as soon as he heard that "G" was in trouble.

After a few moments' conversation, the controller turned to the A.O.C.

"Group Captain Lovelake on the line, sir. Do you wish to speak to him?"

A BURLY commander put his head round the door from the Naval side with a signal form in his hand

The A.O.C. took the instrument.

"Who is the captain of 'G,' Lovelake?" he asked.

"Joyce, the C.O. of 924 Squadron, sir. He's first class. There's no need to worry. But, I expect he'd rather come back here than land at Narforth, if his other three engines are holding up all right."

"Oh, I know Joyce well," said the air vice-marshal. "He's a good captain. Well, we'll see about getting him back to you when he's a bit nearer home. I shall stay in the ops. room now for a bit, so you can get me here if you want me. How's the weather with you?"

"Pretty good, sir, at present, but Met. says it's going to be lousy in the morning."

They had a little more talk of the weather, that perennial preoccupation of all who have to deal with the Atlantic's infinitely varied moods, and the A.O.C. rang off.

"Do you think that Waaf could bring us some tea?" he said to the air sea rescue officer. "And a bun?" He settled himself down to *The Times* crossword puzzle.

TIME passed slowly in that brilliantly illuminated, little world underground, whence the war and its everyday happenings seem at once remote and breathlessly near. Connelly, the duty controller, sat in front of the array of telephones, occasionally speaking to Command or to one of the stations on matters of routine. In the intervals, he lay back in his chair, smoking and thinking at random. It was during one of these quiet spells that he experienced, quite suddenly, what he came to think of afterwards as a vision. The great wall chart, with its bunches of pins and symbols, dissolved and, in its place, there appeared the vast, dark expanse of the Atlantic itself, tumbling in long, sweeping rollers beneath the moonless sky. Above it, he could see the aircraft as it laboured back across the heaving waters. Then his point of vision changed and he could see the inside of the cockpit. Joyce was sitting very still, his lean, hawklike face faintly lit by the glow from the instrument lights. His eyes were on the dials in front of him and he was

Illustrations by Hailstone

clearly listening intently to the throb of the three remaining engines. His hands lay in his lap. He did not speak. He was very young, but he had a seriousness and a deep sense of responsibility, which had quickly marked him out for command. When the C.O. of 924 had been promoted and given command of a station, three months before, the A.O.C. had had no hesitation in recommending that Joyce should move up from the command of a flight to take over the squadron.

Next to Joyce, Connelly could see the second pilot, a young flight sergeant. With the captain at the controls, he had little to do. He had a half smile on his face and his jaws moved in the ruminative manner of the gum-chewer. One could guess that he was thinking of his home in Canada, perhaps of a sweetheart. Behind them in the aircraft sat the navigator, busy with dividers and parallel ruler, jotting down a figure on the chart from time to time. Across the narrow gangway was the wireless operator, looking like a hobgoblin in his helmet. He also chewed, as he listened to the strange noises among which wireless operators pass their days. The rest of the crew did not appear in the picture.

It was a scene which was familiar in every detail to Connelly, who had himself commanded a squadron of similar type, before he had been brought to group headquarters for a spell as controller before going to a station in command. He knew the weariness of those long Atlantic patrols and the seemingly endless hours of beating back to base after the job was done.

As he watched, he saw Joyce look up suddenly and stare out towards the port wing. He saw him lift his microphone and speak into the intercommunication telephone. He had a momentary vision of the second pilot turning a startled face towards his captain, his mouth still moving rhythmically as he chewed.

Then the picture faded out, the wall chart seemed to slide back into its place and the operations room was as it had always been. A rather pretty Wren was mounting a ladder, her slim, black silk ankles just on a line with his eyes. He looked towards the A.O.C., who was gnawing the end of his unlighted pipe over a knotty clue. Instinctively, the controller reached for his tea, which was still fairly hot. His day dreaming had not lasted for more than a few minutes he thought as he drank it, though he seemed to have been watching that scene for a long time.

The telephone rang. He picked up the receiver.

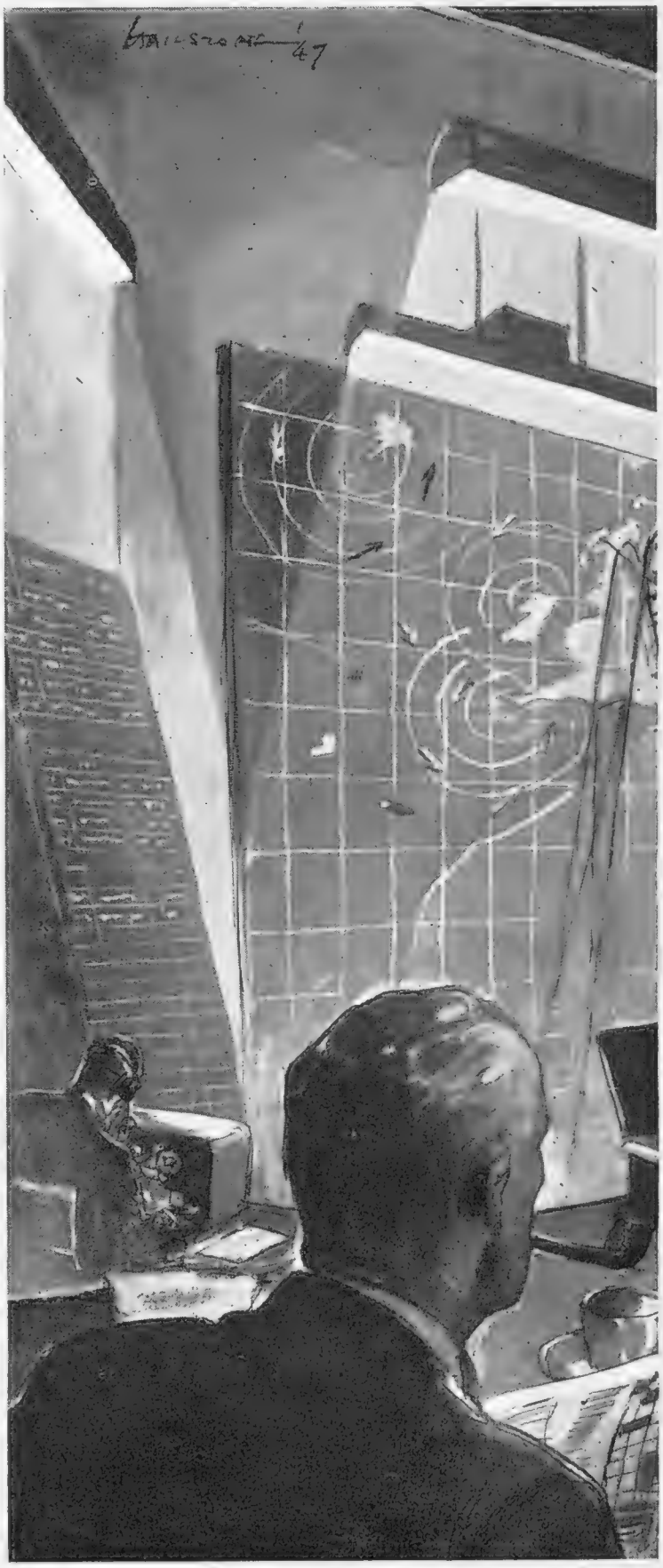
"This is the duty signals officer," said a voice. "We've just picked up an S O S from 'G' of 924. No position—just S O S and the aircraft recognition signal."

"Thank you." The controller turned to the A.O.C., who had ceased to look at his puzzle when the telephone rang. "S O S from 'G,' sir. No position."

"I see. Get the estimated position from the navigator. Warn the sailors." The A.O.C.'s voice was unhurried as he issued his orders.

"Very good, sir."

CONNELLY busied himself with carrying out the orders he had received and called over to the air sea rescue officer and told him what was happening. The machinery of the operations



room began to turn smoothly to a more rapid rhythm. The A.O.C. sat quiet, not interfering in the orderly procession of events in which each individual knew what was to be done.

The telephone rang again, with an insistent buzz. The controller left off speaking to the air sea rescue officer and picked up the receiver.

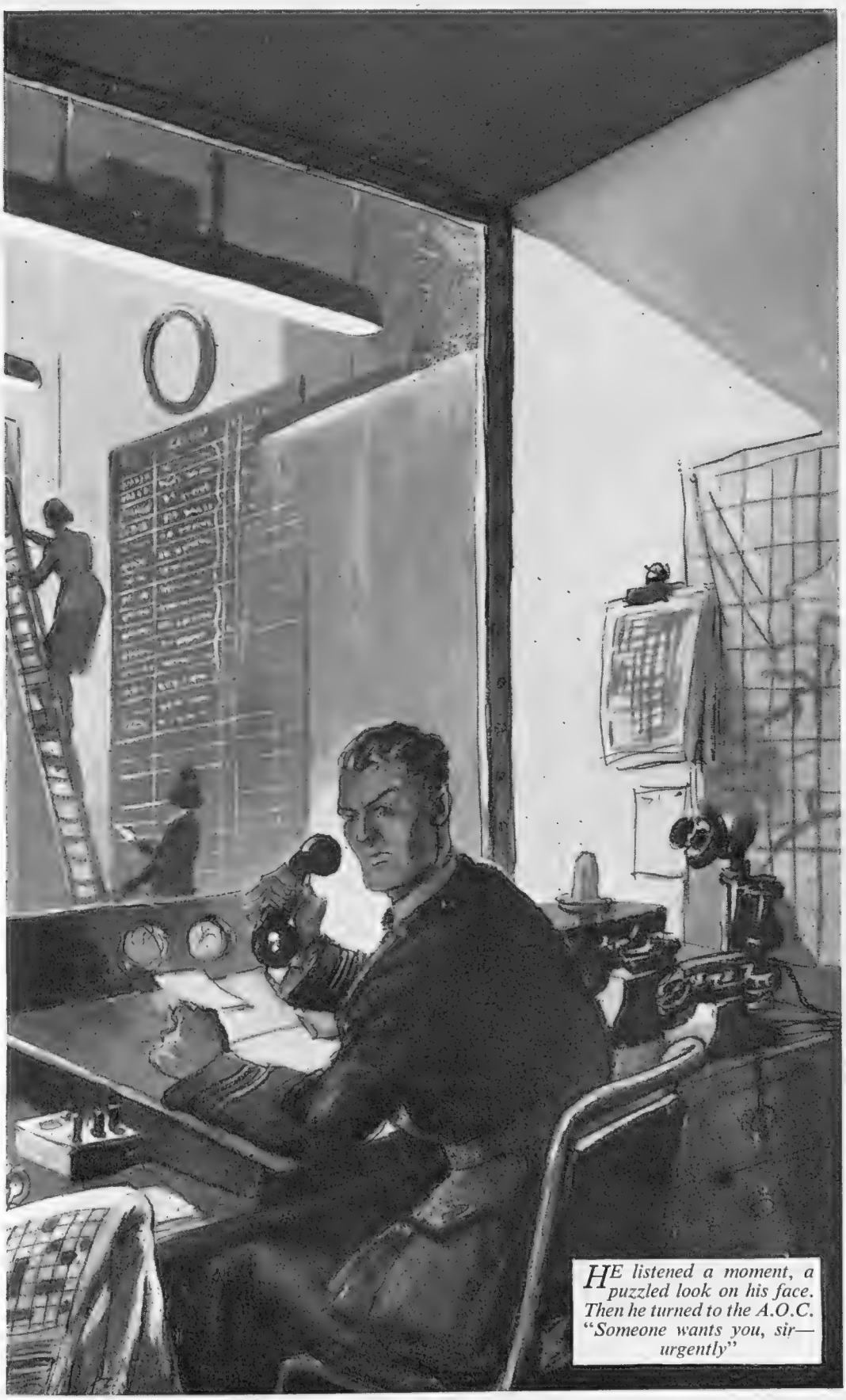
"Hallo, group controller here," he said. He listened a moment, a puzzled look on his face. Then he turned to the A.O.C. "Someone wants you, sir—urgently."

The A.O.C. took the instrument. A voice, somehow vaguely familiar, came over the wire. It sounded breathless, with a very slight stutter, and, while it spoke, a continuous muffled roar of sound, as of the breaking of great waves, formed a muted background to its tones.

"I want to speak to the A.O.C." said the voice.

"This is the A.O.C. speaking."

"This is W-Wing Commander Joyce, officer commanding No. 924 Squadron, sir. I was the captain of 'G' for George, which is down in the sea in position"—he gave an exact position, which the A.O.C. wrote down on a scribbling pad. "As you know, I reported we had one engine out of action. We were c-coming on all right when the other port engine suddenly packed up. I sent out an SOS and ordered the crew to ditching stations and ditched the aircraft, but there was a heavy sea running and the aircraft broke its back. Three of the crew got out safely and found a dinghy which floated clear. The rest of the crew are dead. P-please send help. It's urgent. There is a sea running and it's very cold. That is all, sir. G-goodbye." The telephone went dead.



HE listened a moment, a puzzled look on his face. Then he turned to the A.O.C. "Someone wants you, sir—urgently"

The A.O.C. stood up. He looked perplexed and rather white. He held out the paper to the controller.

"Here's the position where 'G' went into the sea."

"But sir——," began the controller.

"This is the position. Give it to the Navy and ask them to send out a destroyer or something at once. It's too bad for our air sea rescue craft on a night like this. Besides, it's a long way out. Tell them there is a dinghy afloat with three men in it."

"Very good, sir." The controller vanished through the door marked "Water."

The A.O.C. picked up the telephone again and waited a moment till the operator replied. He passed his hand across his forehead in the manner of a man who is face to face with something too difficult for him to grasp.

"Operator," he said, when the telephonist answered, "where did that last call come from?"

"What call, sir? I haven't had a call since the signals officer rang the operations room."

"But you've just passed me a call. This is the A.O.C. speaking."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I haven't had a call for you the whole evening. The signals officer was the last call I passed to the ops. room."

"Very good, operator. Thank you."

The controller came back through the swing door.

"The Navy have ordered a sloop from Drymouth to leave at once, sir," he said. "They don't think they can get to the position in under four hours from now. But they are doing all they can. They'll search the area thoroughly, of course."

"Thank you, Connelly. I hope they'll get there in time."

The A.O C. stood for a moment with the same puzzled expression on his face, his fingers drumming on the table. He looked older than usual. He hesitated and then turned to the controller.

"Connelly," he said, "did you recognize the voice on the telephone asking for me?"

"Yes, sir, I thought I did, but it couldn't be who I thought, could it? It sounded like Joyce. He stutters (*Continued on page* 56)

The Ocean Leaper

Stories About Tarpon: Prince of Game Fishes

By Frank W. Lane

1. With a terrific leap a tarpon has succeeded in getting free of the hook

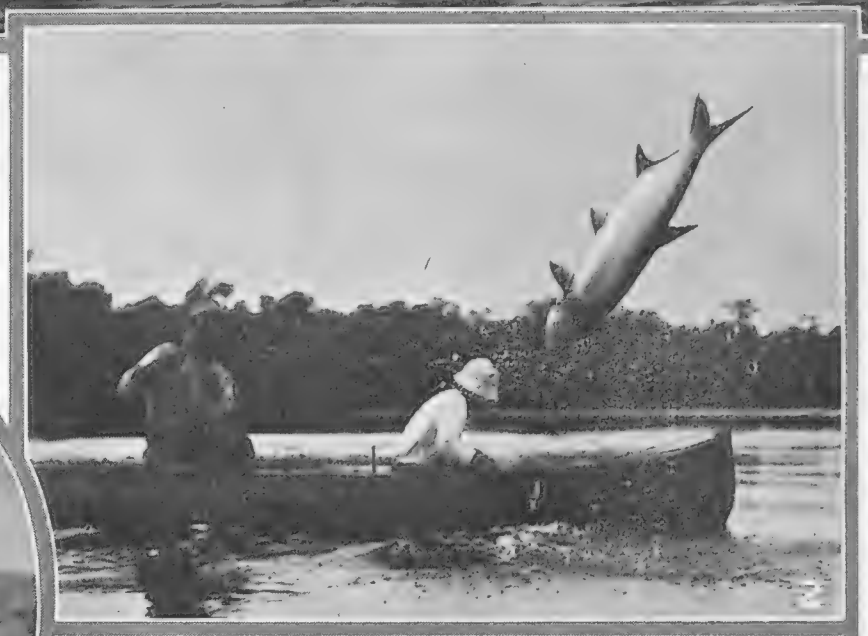
2. This dive-bombing tarpon has flung the hook and line over the canoe

3. An unsuccessful leap. The tarpon is still hooked

4. Leaping to get free. Note the long dorsal fin

"NO such photographs have ever been made since and probably never will be again. It was a happy combination of a great sportsman and a great photographer." In these words the famous American angler, Van Campen Heilner, describes the tarpon photographs taken by the brothers Dimock.

The sportsman was A. W., and the photographer Julian A. Dimock, and between them they not only caught many tarpon, but they also imprisoned for all time



on the photographic plate the remarkable acrobatics of this prince of game fishes. The negatives of these photographs now repose in the archives of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. Thanks are due to the Museum authorities for allowing the reproduction of four of the best Dimock photographs with this article.

As can be seen from the photographs, the tarpon, or Silver King as it is sometimes called by fishermen, is a highly spectacular fish. Its home is among the mangroves and oyster bars off the coast of Cuba, in the clear streams of the Everglades, and among the hundred thousand keys off the coast of Florida. And here, when caught on rod and *(Continued on page 54)*

"Miss Sophy," said John Wesley, "I should think myself happy if I was to spend my life with you."

Idyll in Georgia

The Story Of John Wesley, The Cost Of Whose Great Mission Was The Abandonment Of Two Loves

Historical Romances V.

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

WE think of John Wesley as the great preacher, crusader and founder of Wesleyan Methodism who stumped the country shriving people's souls with his eloquence—rarely as the romantic young lover who whispered to a lovely girl of eighteen, in the secrecy of Georgia woods: "Miss Sophy, I should think myself happy if I was to spend my life with you."

He met Sophy Hopkey, niece of a Savannah magistrate, when he went to Georgia with his brother Charles and General Oglethorpe on a mission to the Indians in 1735. She was a quiet, pensive, impressionable pupil at his religious school, prone to hero-worship the inspired preacher of thirty-two with the manly, forthright bearing and handsome curls. Her relatives, seeing the possibility of a match, went out of their way to foster it; her uncle even told Wesley: "She will never be easy till she is married. I give her up to you. Do what you will with her. Take her into your own hands."

Oglethorpe too was in the conspiracy to throw them together. At his suggestion, Wesley took her on a boat trip from Frederica to Savannah, along a dream-coast of enchanting beauty, with a small party that paddled lazily along the creeks, tied up at charming islets, explored and bathed and camped together. In her biography, *Son to Susanah*, Mrs. G. Elsie Harrison paints an idyllic picture of the pair discussing life and faith "by a little stream of clear water in a grove of over-arching trees" and over their camp-fire at night as they lay under their tent watching the dancing flames. It was then that Wesley made his avowal, "Miss Sophy, I should think myself happy . . ." which brought tears to her eyes and ended in a heartfelt—and perhaps, on Wesley's side, conscience-stricken—psalm.

When Sophy, now Mrs. Williamson, came to his church and knelt at his feet to take the Holy Sacrament, John Wesley, before the whole congregation, refused her, muttering: "I cannot administer the Holy Communion to you before I have spoken with you."

For there was always to be the conflict of religion in their love—Wesley's conviction, inculcated by his mother, that he must beware of worldly temptations that might impair the great mission to which he was dedicated. All the love in his heart flowed out in devout hymn-singing and flute-playing; he sought to sublimate it in service to God. The presence of a jealous young mentor, Charles Delamotte, only intensified the conflict. Fearing for his friend's peace of mind, Delamotte insisted that Wesley should never see Sophy except when he was present—a condition that Wesley could not always observe. Of one meeting he wrote in his journal, which reflects the spiritual torments that racked him: "Her words, her eyes, her hair, her very motion and gesture, were full of such a softness and sweetness! I know not what might have been the consequence had I then but touched her hand. And how I avoided it I know not. Surely God is over all!" Of another he wrote: "I looked upon her and should have said too much had we had a moment longer."

AS time went on and Wesley still hesitated on the brink, Sophy began to lose hope and her aunt, Mrs. Causton, patience. "Mr. Wesley," rapped out the latter one day, "I wish you would take her; take her away with ye." Finding him still evasive, she promptly produced a rival, Mr. Williamson, and announced that they were engaged and would be married forthwith. It was a black moment for Wesley when she told him: "Sir, Mr. Causton and I are exceedingly obliged to you for all the pains you have taken about Sophy. And so is Sophy, too; and she desires you would publish the banns of marriage between her and Mr. Williamson on Sunday."

This was a new torture, for he believed that she was marrying one who would make her unhappy, and yet could not bring himself to the point of marrying her himself. At a last meeting they wept together. Wesley wrote of "the complication of passions and tumult of thought," of "love shooting through all the recesses of my soul and sharpening every thought and passion." Underneath was "a faint desire to do and suffer the will of God." Sophy's final words were the kind yet bitter lovers' epithet: "I hope I shall always have your friendship."

Wesley dallied so over the marriage arrangements, putting doctrinal obstacles in the way, that the couple finally fled to Carolina, across the border, and married there. The loss of her left him in such despair that he was moved to write: "I was weary of the world, of light, of life—I could not pray." His life, he felt, was empty, his heart broken. But there was always his refuge—his work.

NO novelist could have improved on the dramatic scene, a few months later, when the girl he could now know only as Mrs. Williamson came to his church and knelt at his feet to take the Holy Sacrament. Before the whole congregation he refused her, muttering: "I cannot administer the Holy Communion to you before I have spoken with you." Was it only on doctrinal grounds, or because his love had turned to bitterness

and he could not resist the temptation to wound? In his journal he noted briefly: "Eucharist, Miss Sophy repelled." Should she offer herself at the Lord's Table on Sunday, he told her, he would advertise her "as I have done more than once wherein you have done wrong," and only administer the Sacrament after she had declared openly her repentance.

For this, on the Williamsons' complaint, he was arraigned for "defaming the said Sophia in a public congregation without cause," and faced with the husband's claim for £1000 damages. While the case dragged on Delamotte persuaded him to escape to the backwoods and return to England. A pathetic ending to his Georgia idyll and the romantic wooing by camp-fire on nights lulled by crooning sea. . . .

WESLEY was to endure the fires of ordeal again at forty-five, when he met tender, comely, maternal Grace Murray, a fellow mission-worker who had joined the Methodist cause against the wish of her husband, a sea captain, lost overboard on his next voyage.

Once more, for John, there were the sharp pangs of love, the spiritual exaltation, the vacillations. Comrades in a crusade, they rode horseback about the country with the brethren, over the roughest roads in the worst weather. "I had never before had so strong an affection for any person under heaven," he confessed. Grace loved him deeply and would have made any sacrifice for his sake; but she feared the spite and scandal which were unjustly fomented against them.

Grace was the guardian angel who mothered the preachers at the Orphan House at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, the headquarters of the movement in the North. Wesley met her shortly after the death of his mother, the strong-willed woman who had borne her husband nineteen children in twenty years, fought poverty with piety, and brought up her family religiously under every conceivable handicap. Wesley loved and revered the woman who had sacrificed herself to rear him

Comrades in a crusade, John Wesley and Grace Murray rode horseback about the country with the brethren, over the roughest roads in the worst weather.

on the strict principles which inspired his future life. Her death in 1742 was a deep loss to him, and Grace Murray undoubtedly came as a blessing to fill the gap in his heart and heal its wound.

When he fell ill she nursed him as his mother would have done. From the day she first heard him preach at Moorfields she was his, mind and soul—a follower who would serve him to the ends of the earth, with no thought of self. When, later at Newcastle, she knew that the devotion had become a human, womanly love, she wept with emotion and said: "This is too great a blessing for me—I can't tell how to believe it. This is all I could have wished for under heaven if I had dared to wish for it." But their love was to be tragic as well as happy. . . . Stronger than the mortal man were the preacher, the leader, the mission, and these provoked scruples, doubts, conflict.

Again there was a rival, John Bennet, a Methodist ten years younger than Wesley, bitterly envious; and when Wesley, with his customary doubts, told her there could be no question of marriage until he had satisfied Bennet, obtained brother Charles's consent, and explained his reasons to every helper and society in England, she resolved to end the torture and uncertainty by accepting Bennet, even though it broke her heart.

After the wedding—as after Sophy's engagement—the three met and wept together: Bennet, kneeling at Wesley's feet, begging forgiveness for any bitter things he had said; Grace also kneeling, sobbing, vowing brokenly that she had never spoken ill of him, and could not. . . . "I would rather die than speak against one to whom I have so deep obligations," she said later, when they had dined and Wesley was alone with her, taking a heart-to-heart farewell. Then he rode off, and out of her life—to meet her again only when they both were old and the storms of love a becalmed memory.

The price of his great mission was not only his loss of Sophy and Grace, but his eventual marriage to a shrewish widow who was at odds with him in heart, mind and faith, and brought him no happiness. That, as Thomas Hardy might have said, was the tragic irony!—[THE END]

After a heart-to-heart farewell, John Wesley rode off, and out of her life.

A Victorian travelling dress. Reproduced from *La Belle Assemblée*

Victorian Secrets

Of One Hundred Years Ago

By Jessie Harley

HOW few of life's minor pleasures can compare with the fascination of probing and discovering the well-kept secrets of our friends. It matters little that, once known, a secret has no being since, for every one laid bare, a hundred more remain to tantalize us that we may once again repeat the joys of our discoveries. Let us then amuse ourselves now by penetrating the mysteries of an early Victorian lady's wardrobe.

The evening dress depicted in the fashion plate was worn just over one hundred years ago. Of blue and white shaded taffeta, it has a low corsage descending in a very long point in the front and is trimmed with Mechlin lace. White silk buttons are used for trimming from the waist to the hips of the bouffant, flowing skirt. How demure and modest the wearer appears; and, indeed, modest she was, to the point of absurdity. Even in her own journals no word was spoken of her underclothes. Her shoes and slippers—yes, and stockings were conceded a brief mention, but nothing more! A description of kid garters in a contemporary called forth shocked comment from the editress of *La Belle Assemblée*. "It is the most uncalled for exposee," she wrote, "that we ever beheld."

Here then is a little mystery for us to unravel. What did she wear beneath her satin gowns and muslin frocks?

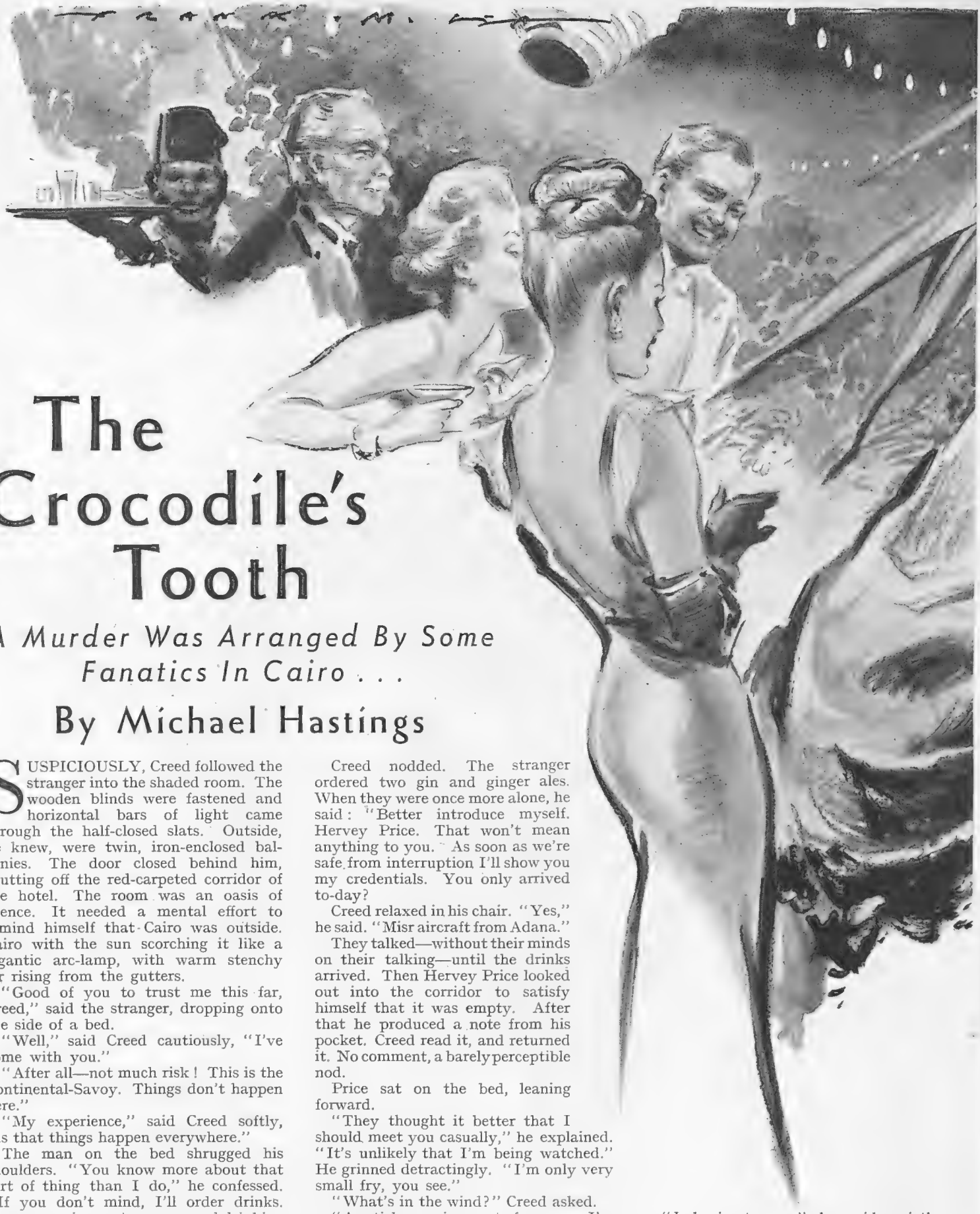
On rising she would remove her voluminous and rather shapeless nightgown and put on what her grandmother would have called a shift. This word was not, however, considered quite nice and the garment was then called a chemise, which, such is the way of fashion, now seems slightly indelicate to *our* ears. This was usually sleeveless and frequently of white linen or longcloth. Underneath she would generally, though it must be admitted not always, wear white cambric or linen "trowsers." If she was very young, say under twelve, these would certainly be worn and would reach to her ankles; the legs being trimmed with Valenciennes lace or cut in chevron pattern. When she grew older they came to just below her knees, the shortening taking place at the same time that her dresses were lengthened.

Next would come her stockings, sometimes of cotton or, more luxuriously, of silk. These she would fasten above her knees with the "shocking" garters, or similar ones of india-rubber or silk, for suspenders were not invented until the end of the century. The mention of these, however, leads us to that most characteristic and in many ways incredible item of her wardrobe—her corset. She herself usually referred to it in the plural as "my stays," though the eighteenth-century term "corsees" was still in use.

A WORD about their construction may not be amiss since they were utterly unlike our modern foundations. They were extremely small in the waist, below which they scarcely extended at all, and came high up in front and behind, combining "uplift" with shapeliness. Rigidity was the keynote of their design and they were stiffened with broad plates of whalebone sewn between the linen linings and the satin or coutil facings. In front was a solid busk of cane or steel, though there were some models with a clumsy front fastening. These, however, were looked upon with some disfavour because they had not the strength of the solid type; so in the majority of cases the back lacing was the only form of fastening.

Over her chemise, then, the lady would fit her stays while sister, maid or mother threaded the laces and pulled them tight. This was no easy matter, for an eighteen-inch waist needed (*Continued on page* 66)

A Victorian evening dress of blue and white shaded taffeta. Reproduced from *La Belle Assemblée*



The Crocodile's Tooth

A Murder Was Arranged By Some Fanatics In Cairo . . .

By Michael Hastings

SUSPICIOUSLY, Creed followed the stranger into the shaded room. The wooden blinds were fastened and horizontal bars of light came through the half-closed slats. Outside, he knew, were twin, iron-enclosed balconies. The door closed behind him, shutting off the red-carpeted corridor of the hotel. The room was an oasis of silence. It needed a mental effort to remind himself that Cairo was outside. Cairo with the sun scorching it like a gigantic arc-lamp, with warm stenchy air rising from the gutters.

"Good of you to trust me this far, Creed," said the stranger, dropping onto the side of a bed.

"Well," said Creed cautiously, "I've come with you."

"After all—not much risk! This is the Continental-Savoy. Things don't happen here."

"My experience," said Creed softly, "is that things happen everywhere."

The man on the bed shrugged his shoulders. "You know more about that sort of thing than I do," he confessed. "If you don't mind, I'll order drinks. Two men going up to a room and drinking is in order—two men doing the same and not drinking—well, that's a matter for gossip. The servants here know everything—or nearly everything."

He pressed a bell. Within a few seconds—as though he had been waiting expectantly outside the door—a waiter entered. Dark skin, white robes, red cummerbund and tarboosh. Cicatrized cheeks announced his Sudanese origin.

"Same as downstairs?"

Creed nodded. The stranger ordered two gin and ginger ales. When they were once more alone, he said: "Better introduce myself. Hervey Price. That won't mean anything to you. As soon as we're safe from interruption I'll show you my credentials. You only arrived to-day?

Creed relaxed in his chair. "Yes," he said. "Misr aircraft from Adana."

They talked—without their minds on their talking—until the drinks arrived. Then Hervey Price looked out into the corridor to satisfy himself that it was empty. After that he produced a note from his pocket. Creed read it, and returned it. No comment, a barely perceptible nod.

Price sat on the bed, leaning forward.

"They thought it better that I should meet you casually," he explained. "It's unlikely that I'm being watched." He grinned detractingly. "I'm only very small fry, you see."

"What's in the wind?" Creed asked.

"A sticky assignment for you, I'm afraid. You know Sir Robert Lacey?"

"Very slightly. Met him once at some dinner or other."

"Every year he gives a party to celebrate his wife's birthday. It's quite a social event—even though it's a small affair. We didn't want him to invite Hamid Pasha this year—but he explained that Hamid would be bitterly offended if he was not asked."

Creed's very grey eyes narrowed.

"I begin to see," he said quietly. "Hamid Pasha has been more or less in retirement these last six months, hasn't he?"

"Yes. I expect you know the political set-up as well as any man—in spite of having been in Turkey most of the year. Hamid, of course, is a moderate. Although he isn't very active, his influence is an important factor. There are delicate negotiations at the moment. There's a violent Nationalist organization out to

"THE beggar's hands seem to be everywhere," grumbled de Winter, as several eggs were produced from his pockets

silence Hamid—by any means possible. That explains why he keeps in his home most of the time. The organization calls itself the League of Set."

"Picturesque," Creed murmured. "If I remember my Ancient Egypt, Set was Lord of the Underworld."

"A place guarded by crocodiles. And a crocodile tooth is the insignia of the League. We've very little to work on; but we've had a tip that the League intend to strike at Hamid while he's at the party."

"That not only removes him," said Creed thoughtfully, "but puts our people in badly. Hamid's friends will blame us—and bang goes our support."

Hervey Price nodded.

"Especially if the League employ somebody—*who is not an Egyptian.*"

Creed whistled softly. "This does look nasty," he agreed. "Any idea of who it will be?"

"No. Lady Diana is the trouble. Years younger than her husband, and with a strong will of her own. The result is that she always has a free hand in issuing the invitations."

"Not unreasonable—after all, it's her birthday," muttered Creed.

"I grant that. But evidently you don't know Lady Diana! She's out for every bit of excitement that's going. And she isn't all that discreet in selecting her friends. None of them lasts long, mind you. But there are some queer customers around at the moment. She spends most of her time at the Gezira Club, you know. And most of her husband's money backing horses."

"I see," said Creed slowly. "Have you a list of her friends of the moment?"

Hervey Price shook his head.

"We could name some of them—but there's no certainty that they'll be invited. While there are certain to be some people who will come at the last minute as the result of a verbal invitation. Those who might be called the regulars are invited by Sir Robert. They're old friends and above suspicion."

Creed made a sound which was halfway between a deep breath and a sigh.

"So somewhere among the guests there will be somebody—most probably a European—who has been substantially paid by the League of Set. And Hamid Pasha is to be murdered."

"That's it," said Hervey Price.

Creed looked exasperated. "What am I supposed to do about it?" he demanded.

"Prevent it," said Price pithily. "I've an invitation card here which will admit you. Sir Robert has been advised that a detective will be present for security reasons. He has not been told anything more, apart from being cautioned that he isn't to breathe a word to his wife, or any of the guests, about a detective being in the house. So that's the position. You can see from the invitation that it's arranged for next Tuesday." With a smile which seemed to indicate relief that his mission was over, Hervey Price handed to Creed the neatly printed card.

Creed took it without troubling to glance at it. He flipped it carelessly through his fingers.

"D'you know why they always pick on me?" he asked.

"I'm afraid I don't. I'm only a messenger. By the way, Sir Robert has signed his name on the back of the card."

Creed stood up and walked slowly towards the door. With his hand on the knob, he turned. "You know my room number," he said. "Send me photographs of all the guests who are considered to be safe—the regulars invited by Sir Robert himself."

"I'll do that," Price promised.

"And when you go back to report," said Creed thoughtfully, "tell your chief that I dislike him more than ever. Oh! You might add that there won't be a murder." Then, with an abrupt nod, he was gone. Hervey Price retained the impression of a big, powerful man, slow as a bear.

IT was one of the largest houses in Helio, with a high wall enclosing the well-kept grounds. Small coloured electric-light bulbs stretched between the palms. Sudanese and Egyptian servants glided backwards and forwards with heavy trays loaded with glasses. There was no cohesion about the party. Some of the guests remained on the veranda, others walked slowly about the network of narrow paths. A small orchestra, playing in an arbour tucked discreetly away at one corner of a small well-watered lawn, filled the night air with dance music.

Sir Robert Lacey felt tired. All the guests had arrived. He found that he didn't know half of them. Politeness had compelled him to welcome a number of strangers who had burst noisily upon Diana. They were, he thought, a rum crowd. Most of them had treated him in a perfunctory manner. He began to feel rather like a butler.

A waspish voice with more than a hint of Scots' brogue said: "You know, Robert, that old saying about a woman making huge sacrifices when she marries is all poppy cock. Man's the puir devil who loses his freedom, has his life altered for him."

Sir Robert turned with a smile to the white-haired, shrivelled McAllister. They'd been friends for years, longer than Sir Robert cared to remember.

"Still a misogamist," he said indulgently. "What you want, Mac, is a whisky. Let's slip away inside, out of the noise."

"Verra good idea," whispered McAllister. "This isn't much in my line. I canna get to tolerate this new-fangled music. And whose idea was it to have a *gully-gully* man? Rascal produced a couple of chickens from ma beard."

"I suppose Diana hired him—probably on the suggestion of one of her friends."

McAllister made a clucking sound with his tongue. It was his tactful way of expressing sympathy.

"Have you seen Hamid Pasha?" Sir Robert asked suddenly.

McAllister pointed a skinny arm towards one of the paths. "He was away

over there a minute back—talking to Madame Katarellos. Perhaps he'd appreciate it if we rescued him." He gave a tittering laugh. "I know I would. The woman's no end to her tongue."

They found Hamid Pasha without difficulty, extricated him from the vivacious Greek lady, and took him to the house.

"We'll go in the backway—and to my study," said Sir Robert.

They followed him. McAllister, who had not seen the Egyptian for several months, considered that he had aged. Also, he'd put on weight. He was heavy-jowled and—from the front—his face seemed to continue the widening lines of his tarboosh.

In the study, Sir Robert poured the drinks. He felt that he didn't want the interference of a servant. He paused, with his hand on the soda siphon, to listen to Hamid Pasha who was answering a question from McAllister.

Illustrations by Frank Lea

HAMID PASHA swayed, and then leaned upon Sir Robert. A greyish tinge spread over his face and, for a moment, he closed his eyes

"Although it's only a small group it's powerful. Like all extremists they have considerable support from students. The trouble is that the leaders are fanatical."

"Fanatics are a blight found in every country in the world now," said McAllister. "Except Scotland. We've no time for 'em."

"But our fanatics don't hesitate at murder," said Hamid Pasha slowly. "We know that they've been responsible for six in Egypt. They always leave a visiting card with the victim, you know. A crocodile tooth."

"Odd," said McAllister thoughtfully. "Verra odd. Fanatics always seem to have a childish streak."

"Say when," said Sir Robert, pressing on the siphon.

LADY DIANA was walking slowly along one of the paths with her latest capture—de Winter was one of the sensations of the season. He was a dark, good-looking man. Some women said that there was a sinister air about him which frightened them—but it was noticeable that they were all eager to be with him. And to be seen with him. It was rumoured that he'd obtained a concession somewhere in Ethiopia; hinted that it had something to do with gold discovered in one of the valleys near Mount Goya. But all that de Winter would admit was that he did think of organizing some sort of expedition. For reasons of his own, he told Lady Diana more.

Alone for a few minutes, they talked of this.

"Robert's been a bit difficult," she complained. "Immersed in a book that he's writing. One of those displays of learning that everybody reviews and nobody reads. But I'm hoping to have a talk with him to-night—after the party."

"I was anxious to have a word with you about it," said de Winter. His voice always gave the impression that it was really more powerful, that he held it in check. "Will it make it easier for you if the required amount is reduced?"

"But naturally!" she cried. Then she looked at him suspiciously. "Only I don't understand . . . I thought. . . ."

"And quite correctly. But you see, I've had to make some preparations. It's difficult country and I'm anxious to avoid the worst rain. So that's forced me to make a start. You've heard the rumours yourself. Naturally, a few whispers have reached the business boys. A wealthy Greek has offered to contribute to the expenses, for a percentage return of any monetary rewards. He's taking a gamble—but he can afford it. At least, that's how it looks to him. He's on a good thing; but if I told him so, he'd promptly try to increase his share." He showed his even teeth in a smile.

Looking down at her he could see that she was perfectly happy again.

"It won't alter the things I've promised you," he said. "But it does mean that you need now only ask your husband for half the original amount."

Impulsively, she squeezed his arm.

"I can manage that," she promised.

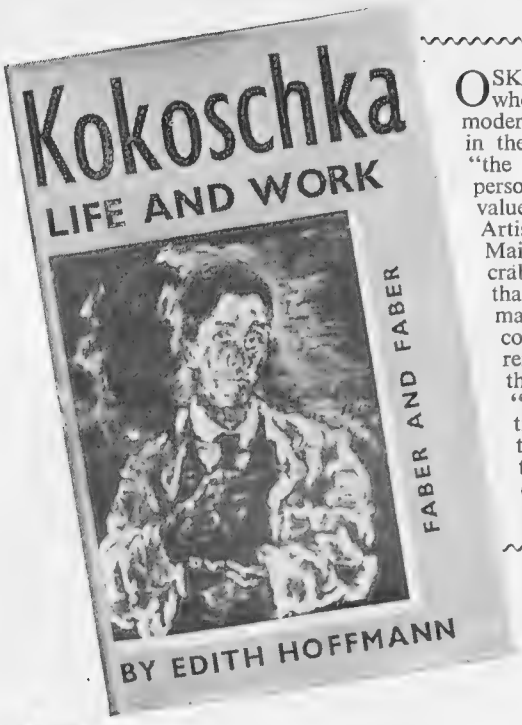
They came round the bend in the path and upon the outrageous *gully-gully* man. He seemed to sprawl in their way, an animated bundle of rags. He smiled up at them, showing toothless gums. Then his hands seemed to spring out and assault them. De Winter looked annoyed; but concealed this with an indulgent smile. About half a dozen others joined them. An attractive, very blonde young woman called to Diana.

"A marvellous idea! He's so clever, too. He produced a duck egg from my compact!"

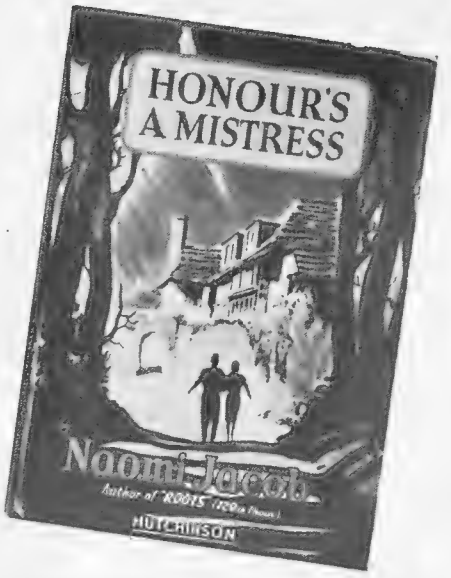
"Yes, my dear," said another girl. "You must tell me where you found him. He's a discovery."

Lady Diana seemed a little taken aback; but she replied quickly. "I'm going to keep that a secret for a little time," she said.

"The beggar's hands seem to be (*Continued on page* 62)



OSKAR KOKOSCHKA, the Czech painter who grew up in Vienna, is a pioneer of modern art. When he paints a portrait he puts in the nerves—or, as Mr. Herbert Read says, "the mute suffering of the individual, of the person crucified on the codes of false social values." His "Self-Portrait of a Degenerate Artist" is as merciless as others of Ambassador Maisky, a marquis, a duchess, and a lurid crab; but nothing in his work astonishes more than his eccentricity in having a lifesize doll made to represent the "ideal woman" he could not find in real life. This is the most remarkable story in Miss Edith Hoffmann's thorough study of his life and work, **"Kokoschka"** (Faber, 25s.), liberally illustrated with reproductions in colour, halftone, and black and white: a handsome tribute to a genius with just that touch of divine—and satanic—madness we expect geniuses to have.

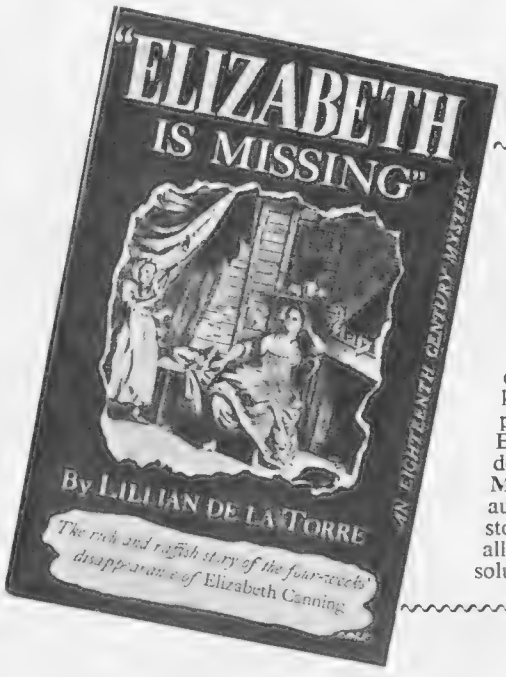


BOOKS:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

WHAT better for the holiday month than a charming book, **"My Country-in-Law"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), about a little-known corner of France—that rugged, granite, heather Creuse country near Vichy where the men are mostly stonecutters and masons and the women toil in the fields? To reach the St. Yrieix-la-Montagne home of the French artist whom she had married in New York, Mrs. Mary Mian had to share from Paris "three changes of train, a long bus ride, and a donkey cart." But she found the farm, the people, fetes and witch tales enchanting—notably the one about the woman who foxed the devil with the aid of an angry rooster, and folk like innkeeper Vergne and his wife, of whom she writes: "She looked as though she were capable of sweeping the vine leaves out of any husband's hair, but Vergne's was a tough growth." Maurice Duvalet's drawings enhance the pleasure of a sunny, smiling memoir.

too. **"In the First Watch"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) carries on his Merchant Marine narrative from 1909, with tales of skippers and other brother-salts and romantic adventures ashore at home and abroad. Finding no reason to envy modern gadgets, comforts, and improved conditions, he is unashamedly nostalgic, contending: "our modern seafarers seem less happy than we, with our poor pay, salt meat, canned vegetables, verminous bunks, oil-lamps, no heat in winter or fans in summer, no radio and no vacations except those we took when we were paid off." With no regrets for having "swallowed the anchor," blithely he drives the pen.


"ELIZABETH IS MISSING"
AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY MYSTERY
By LILIAN DE LA TORRE
The rich and raffish story of the four-weeks' disappearance of Elizabeth Canning

ELIZABETH CANNING celebrated the New Year of 1753 by vanishing from her home in the East End. A month later she returned—thin, worn out, filthy, with bruised arms and face—saying that she had been kidnapped by footpads and taken to a small house in the country where she was imprisoned, starved and illtreated by a sinister old woman, but had at last escaped. Two crones—a gipsy and an Enfield brothel-keeper, Mother Wells—were arrested on suspicion: a fierce controversy raged until finally Elizabeth was convicted of perjury and deported to America. In **"Elizabeth is Missing"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) a U.S. author, Miss Lillian de la Torre, re-tells the story with a fine nose for period squalor, all suspense of a mystery thriller, and a solution both intriguing and plausible.

LET no one ask—after Mr. Thomas Armstrong's **"King Cotton"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.)—"Do you read *every word* of the novels you review?" It would take a better man than I am, Gunga Din, to say of its 920 packed pages—the biggest novel of the century, bigger even than "Gone with the Wind"—"it held me from first page to last." But it does seem—on first acquaintance—a whale, a marathon, of a story about Lancashire cotton life in the 1850s when the American Civil War cut off supplies to our mills and industrial expediency was in conflict with anti-slavery sentiment. This prodigious companion to his Yorkshire wool story, "The Crowthers of Bankdam"—recently filmed—is just the book for a holiday, not a holiday in itself; and even then you may have to adjourn to a desert island—or nursing home—to finish it. . . .

I NEVER thought it possible to "hole out in one" at cricket until I read Commander C. B. Fry's preface to Mr. R. S. Young's **"Cricket on the Green"** (Hollis and Carter, 10s. 6d.). Batting on the R.N. ground at Devonport, he hooked a short ball on to the deck of H.M.S. *Barham* anchored just beyond the boundary rails, and it went down a hole made by a German shell at Jutland. Another time, at Beverley, Yorkshire, he hit a ball into a shunting yard, it struck the barrel of an engine, cannoned off into the funnel, and the engine puffed off with the ball in its belly. Well played, sir! Mr. Young gives sound advice on how to run club, village and boys' teams and how best to "play the game," with amusing drawings by Webster Murray.

MR. WALTER ALLEN'S **"Black Country"** (Paul Elek, 9s. 6d.), its water colour and line sketches by Malvina Cheek and excellent photographs, persuade me that a holiday tour there would not be amiss, though off the normal holiday map, for it is rich in historic interest. This "Vision of England" series is written in a distinctive style.

SAILING the high seas with Mr. William McFee suits our August mood, So is Mr. (*Continued on page* 66)

Immobilized

MRS. STENNING was a charming woman in the early twenties. Perhaps not the *early* twenties—certainly not a day more than thirty-two. Beautifully, perfectly dressed, knowing the effect she wished to make, and usually making it. Tawny hair, and a complexion the least bit too good to be true. *Soignée*—the French so often have a word for it.

She was staying at that delightful hotel at Cap Martin, and found the atmosphere very different from that of the English seaside. One does things there which would not even occur to one at home—or even in Brighton.

Somewhere in the background of her life was, or had been, a Mr. Stenning, but however important a part he had played in the past, he has none in this story. A woman cannot mourn her husband indefinitely and it's rather a compliment to him, as a husband, if she wishes to marry again.

On the face of it, there was no reason why Mrs. Stenning shouldn't do so. She had beauty, wit, and—apparently—a certain amount of money. What more can a man desire? It would have been simple had she just wished to marry—generally. Her fancy, however, inclined towards a certain individual, to wit, Major Robert Burrows, D.S.O., whom she had met originally in Cheltenham.

This was rather curious, for he was not the kind of man for whom one expects a lady like Mrs. Stenning to set out her stall—if one may use that fine old rustic phrase. He was forty-five—a delightful age in a man, but, after all, forty-five; he was fairly wealthy—only fairly; and unless one knew him well, apt to be, on occasion, positively dull. But solid, you understand, and a good chap. He, too, was staying at Cap Martin, and would have been very surprised if he had known that Mary Stenning had—in that vague modern phrase—fallen for him.

One would have thought he would have had no chance against her, that she would have found the winning of him mere child's play. These reserved men with hair a little grey at the temples are usually as clay in the hands of a pretty widow. She merely has to tell one of them how empty she finds life—how tinselly—and, with a sigh, regret that no one—no one—has ever understood her as well as he does, in order to get away with it. The statistics on the point put the matter beyond reasonable doubt, particularly with such a romantic background as Cap Martin.

But Major Burrows proved to be rather difficult. And he so clearly and completely did *not* understand her that it would have been idle to say, with or without a sigh, that he did.

They sat together on the balcony one evening and watched the moon come up out of the blue sea. It was a beautiful moon, a beautiful balcony, a beautiful sea—a perfect setting from many points of view. But in spite of it all, he talked to her of the seriousness of coast erosion, a subject on which he apparently felt deeply.

She was, of course, tremendously interested in coast erosion. Tremendously! It is, unquestionably, a very important subject, but having negotiated him on to that balcony with no little skill, she probably found it, as a topic of conversation—indeed, as a sole topic—not entirely satisfying.

And there was that delightful walk, a day or so later, to Roquebrune, a little village up in the mountains. She wore a sports suit that was as near poetry as a sports suit may be, and a hat with one tiny feather. A clever hat, an efficient hat, a little hat that made one say as one passed her: "Pretty girl. I'll bet she's English," or American, according to one's nationality. Independent, self-reliant, she walked that day as if she loved walking. Actually, like any other sensible woman she preferred a car; but Major Burrows, having failed to respond to moonlight, was to be tried with something else. Frank, comradely, and free, she stepped out at his side with the lissom

Illustrations by

THE chauffeur—a Frenchman, who spoke English with an American accent—was awaiting them. Something, it was obvious, was very wrong

Women Are Clever Anglers When The Prize Is A Solid Middle Age Bachelor

By Holloway Horn

grace of Diana. "Diana" is, perhaps, a little tactless in the circumstances, and hardly fair to Mary Stenning, who was an extremely nice woman.

Several miles from the Mentone Road they came upon a seat at the side of the lane they were following. A lemon tree in the garden behind it filled the air with scent and colour. A beautifully placed seat. Below them, in the dim distance, was Monte Carlo, and it was natural, in the queer mood which had come to Mary Stenning, for her to talk of the vain striving after happiness that Monte symbolized.

"I think it is only in the simple things that one can obtain happiness," she said, so gently. This may or may not be a great truth, but it is undeniably a good thing to say at such a time, and to such a man as Major Robert Burrows, D.S.O., that believer in the simple things of life. And it goes to show, incidentally, that she really had fallen for the Major. "You're quite right, Mrs. Stenning," he said. "Quite right. You expressed just what was in my thoughts."

"I have always thought there was an understanding, a sympathy between us." Quietly said, you understand, with averted face. There are those who will hold that she was laying it on too thickly, but to each woman her own methods—when she is in love.

"Rather," he said. "I was awfully pleased to see how interested you were in coast erosion the other evening. Did I tell you that there is one spot on the Suffolk coast. . . ."

"You did," she said, dreamily. "It's terrible. Something should be done about it."

"By Jove! It's nearly midday," he said. "I'm about ready for lunch."

"So am I," said Mary.

A mile or so farther on they came to a village wherein, as the Major had previously ascertained, a decent lunch could be obtained. It was, indeed, an admirable lunch. But Burrows was a man who would obtain a decent lunch almost anywhere. Perhaps it was the secret of his charm.

After lunch they walked on to Roquebrune.

In the village he pointed out traces of Roman work to her, and spoke at some length on the various architecture in the old place. Architecture is a fascinating subject, perhaps even more so than coast erosion.

A delightful walk, you understand. She told him so as they parted in the vestibule of the hotel. "It's been perfect," she said. "Thanks so much."

As he dressed that evening Major Burrows inevitably thought of the lady with whom he had spent the major part of the day. A charming woman. So quiet and cultured, so interested in the things which mattered. The sensible shoes she had worn—and she had exceedingly neat ankles. There was no nonsense about her. And she was pretty, too. He remembered, oddly enough, the way the tip of her ear showed beneath her hair.

And she of him. He knew exactly the sort of lunch one wanted after walking seven—or was it seventy?—miles. Those quiet, trustful grey eyes of his. Walking across windy hills was the very devil for one's complexion, though.

They were playing bridge that evening with an American couple named Roper. Roper was considerably older than his wife who was only a year or so senior to Mary Stenning. Pleasant people, and although Roper and the Major were inclined to argue about politics and such

Albert Bailey

like rather boring subjects, the two women got on together splendidly. There are so many more interesting things to talk about—particularly at Cap Martin—than politics. Moreover, in spite of different backgrounds and nationalities, the two women thoroughly understood each other.

The suggestion that they should all go to L'Avions the following day came from Mrs. Roper. They had their own big car with them and were going, anyway. The Major hesitated but Mary Stenning was delighted with the suggestion and it was all fixed up.

But in the morning Mrs. Roper was in bed with a chill. Roper himself came down to tell them. He wouldn't think of leaving his wife alone in the hotel but insisted that his car and chauffeur were at the disposal of his English friends.

"She'll be okay by the evening," he assured them. "And she'll be very upset if she finds that she's spoilt your day. You'll fall for L'Avions. We were there last week. I don't often want to go twice to a place but we simply loved it. It hasn't changed for centuries. . . ."

Hence the Major and Mary Stenning set out together and lunchtime found them in one of the most beautiful and certainly one of the loneliest spots in France. It was miles inland from Mentone, almost on the Italian frontier.

After an excellent lunch they climbed up to the spur from which one may look down on Italy on one side and France on the other. It was rather a tiring climb. The Major could apparently go on for ever, but when at length they achieved the tiny plateau, Mary Stenning needed and demanded a rest.

It was dusk when—eventually—they got back to L'Avions and the car. The chauffeur—a Frenchman, who spoke English with an American accent—was awaiting them. Something, it was obvious, was very wrong.

"Someone," he cried bitterly as they came up, "has done us dirt! The tank is empty; someone has driven a small hole into it! I found the nail under the car. Here it is!"

"It will be a simple matter to get the tank repaired and some more petrol," said the Major, calmly.

"I have repaired the tank already with a plug but I've tried everywhere," the chauffeur told them. "Everywhere! Nix!" And with the word he gave a perfect shrug.

"I'll see what I can do," said the Major.

The possibilities were soon exhausted. Once, apparently, a man with a Ford had lived at L'Avions. But he was now dead. It was the village's nearest approach to petrol.

"But what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Stenning. "We can't stay here."

"Is there *no* petrol in the tank?" the Major asked.

It might, with luck, the chauffeur asserted, take them a mile. But he was not optimistic about it.

"Where is the nearest town?"

"Sospel, eleven miles as the crow flies." The chauffeur gave the information with the air of one who was not and had no intention of being a crow.

"What about the telephone?"

"Telephone!" cried the chauffeur, with immense disgust. "They have never *heard* of a telephone!"

"But this is ridiculous," said the Major.

"It is certainly very annoying," said Mary Stenning.

"We are here fixed until the morning, if you ask me," said the chauffeur.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Mrs. Stenning, with a note of sudden anxiety in her voice.

It was the note of anxiety which startled the Major.

"Another car may be coming through," he said, "and we shall be able to borrow petrol or get a lift."

"All the afternoon have I waited for a car; there was no car," said the chauffeur, without emotion of any kind in his voice.

It was growing duskier. Darkness was clearly not far away.

"I suppose walking is out of the question," the Major asked.

"How far is it?" asked Mrs. Stenning.

He inquired. It was seventeen miles to Mentone, the nearest town, unless they knew the track over the mountains to Sospel.

"I'm afraid I couldn't do it," said Mrs. Stenning, regretfully.

They waited in vain for the car.

They dined. It was an excellent meal, but quite dark by the time they had finished. The wood fire in the inn was extremely pleasant.

"We really must do something," Mrs. Stenning said. "We obviously cannot stay here all night."

The words suggested a new viewpoint to the Major. It perturbed him.

"It is ridiculous," she went on. "Who would have taken the petrol? There is no one in the village with a car."

"I really don't know; it's most unfortunate."

"Most," said Mrs. Stenning, without any enthusiasm whatever.

"But what can we do?"

The position was awkward. The Major had never been so embarrassed in his life. She was worried he could see that. Sitting there in the firelight, her face was troubled. She was very beautiful. It was distressing for a naturally kind-hearted man like Major Burrows to see a pretty woman so upset.

It was nine o'clock.

In the soft firelight, he noticed, she was very pretty indeed.

"I suppose they'll send out a search party for us from the hotel," he hazarded, partly in jest.

"I hope they do," she said, quietly.

A most awkward situation. . . . (*Continued on page* 64)

HE knew that a woman, particularly a widow, has to be very careful of her reputation

Lucky Dip...

SEA-BATHING is a transitory pleasure in our afflicted climate, but while the sun shines, make the most of it.

Because opportunity for sustained practice in swimming is limited, many of us fail to reach proficiency and, thereby, miss a lot, both in the sense of health and pleasure.

Good professional instruction in swimming produces spectacular results in a few days, whereas amateur efforts at improvement drag on indefinitely.

Swimming is a remarkable stimulant to health and equally good as a beautifier. It tones up circulation and promotes healthy, natural colour; it induces deep breathing, which introduces oxygen into the blood-stream, and brings neglected muscles into play. This applies to swimming exercise which is technically perfect more than to mere floundering in water.

Use the sea discreetly at the start. One ten-minute dip is sufficient on the first day.

Looking beautiful in the water is achieved by wearing a swimsuit which fits when it is wet as well as when it is dry. The new dressmaker swimsuits (there are two in the picture on the right) are practical affairs of rayonese fabric which is crease-resisting, water-repellent and non-shrink, so that one rises from the foam looking as beautiful as Nature's assets permit.

To prevent that almost inevitable trickle of sea water under the edges of your bathing cap, bind a 2-in. strip of chamois leather tightly around the head just under the rim.

If you must use make-up for bathing, an oily-base foundation such as Miners Stick make-up and an indelible lipstick are best.

The effect of salt water left to dry into the skin is not good, so take a fresh-water shower after bathing if you can.

Film-star Martha O'Driscoll

PLANNED

Blue-and-white painted dressing-table against a white wall and lavender-pink curtains makes the nucleus of a dream bedroom.

IT 'S August, it 's holiday month, it may even be sunny. You are probably relaxed, serenely taking your ease with a metaphorical blind drawn between you and All Those Things: the house; the queues; the rush to get to the office.

Quiet days can be profitable. Here at your ease, with the sun on your eyelids and nothing in the world to do but think, is the chance to store up health, energy and plans.

Plans are adaptable things. They can be of the kind that soon materialise or they can be mere blue-prints for the future. While you have the leisure, use it to, figuratively speaking, pull the house apart. To improve and improvise and to ponder on past failures and future reconstruction.

Shortages, fatigue and the prevailing atmosphere of frustration tend to discourage bold and imaginative plans for the home. Yet, in fact, planning is more than ever essential if difficulties are to be overcome.

What if dreams from your deck-chair carry you beyond the realms of present possibilities? The important thing is to have a clear objective and to advance upon it step by step, never losing sight of it, distant though it may be.

Use this opportunity, then, to plan your perfect home. Visualise it in clear and definite characters.

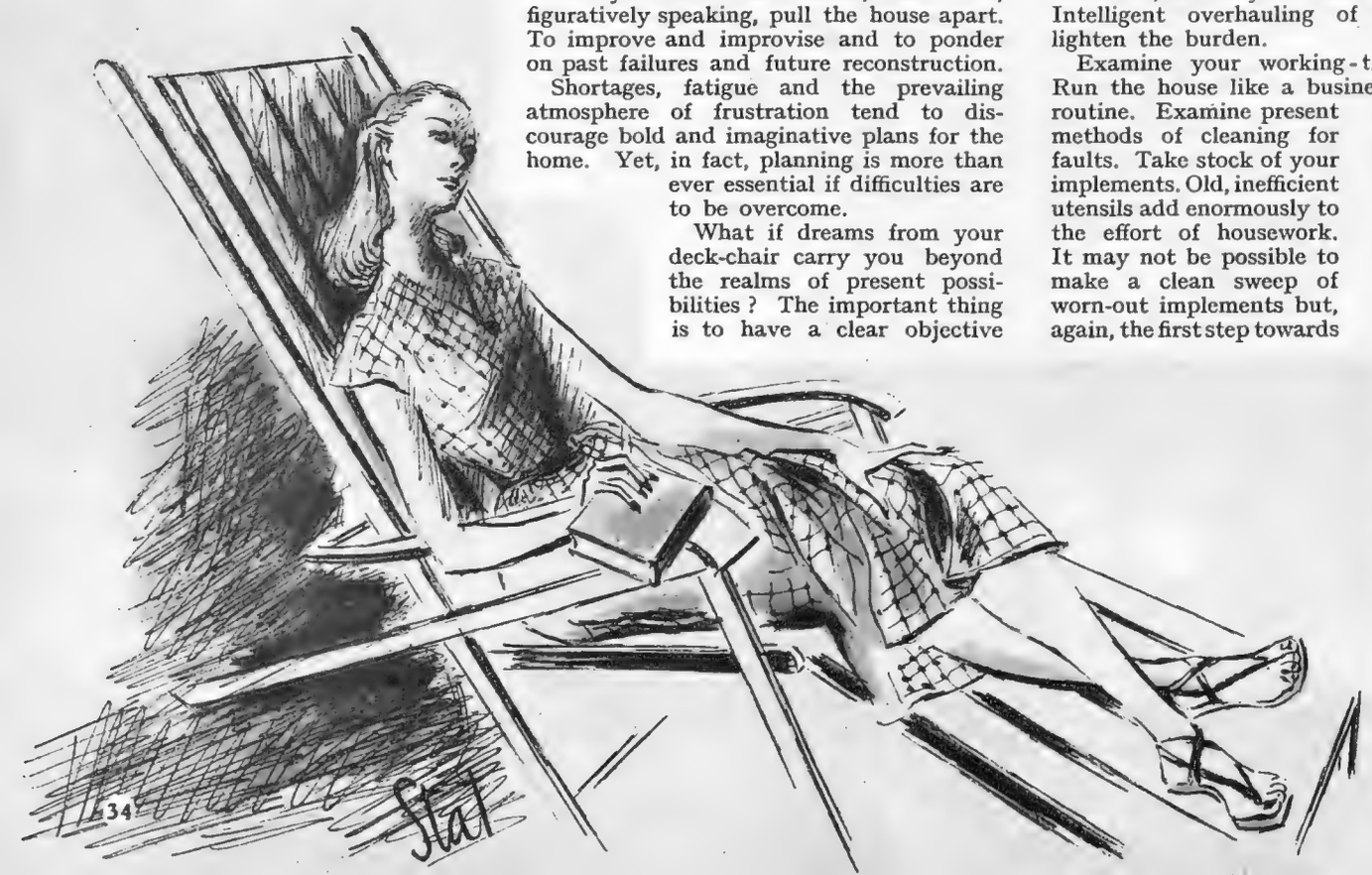
What 's wrong with your home at present? Does it lack individuality, distinction, essential amenities? Is it a temporary affair, a mere makeshift? All right. It may be beyond your power or your means at present to introduce major improvements, but knowing what you want is an important factor in its ultimate achievement.

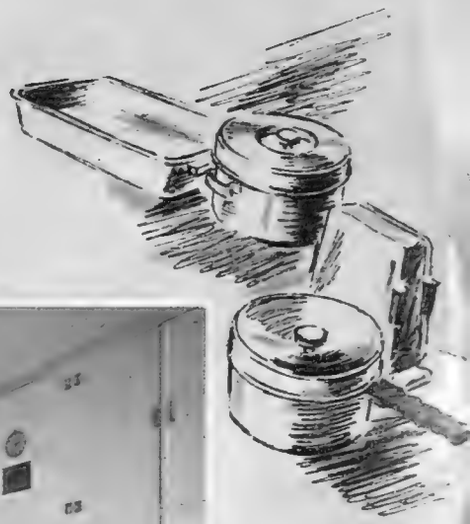
From now on, everything that goes into your home, whether it is a new utensil, a piece of furniture, a fresh colour, even a new method of management, is an integral part of the build-up to ultimate perfection.

Comfort, tranquillity and easy management in the house begin with efficiency. Efficiency, in its turn, is reached by study, experiment and the determination never to let a failure go unchallenged. If the burden of housework, cooking and shopping has seemed unduly heavy, use this temporary leisure to plan means of alleviation.

The lack of help, the queues, the shortages are problems that cannot for the moment be solved, but they are not the whole story. Intelligent overhauling of methods can lighten the burden.

Examine your working-time schedule. Run the house like a business, to a strict routine. Examine present methods of cleaning for faults. Take stock of your implements. Old, inefficient utensils add enormously to the effort of housework. It may not be possible to make a clean sweep of worn-out implements but, again, the first step towards





FROM A DECK-CHAIR

The Sun Shines and Precious Hours of Leisure Give You Time To Make Probable and Improbable Plans for the Future.

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

correction lies in knowing where to make it when the time comes. Household implements and cooking utensils are coming along more freely. When you make a purchase, make it carefully. Study the available merchandise. Write to us for information if you need it. This department is in touch with new developments and our service is at your disposal.

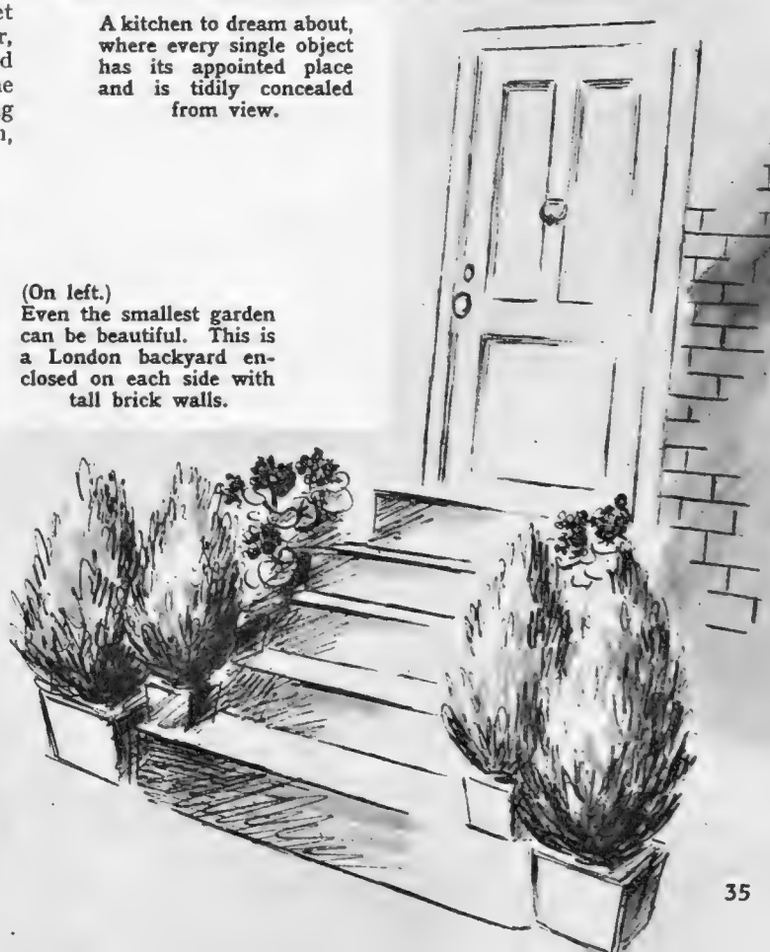
Go further. Picture your home with the furniture, the colouring, the *character* you aim to achieve. Plan colour-effects. Picture the bedroom you would love to have—the fabrics, the colouring, the furniture. Get the picture so clearly in mind that when the opportunity presents to make an addition or an improvement to your present bedroom scheme, you add one fresh brick to the structure of your ideal.

Give the same thought to the outside of the house. Plan a new and decorative treatment for the front. Pigeon-hole the plan, if necessary, for such time when you can put it into practice. Work out some improvement for the garden. It may be that you have a city plot not specially adaptable for glamour, but look at the picture on this page of a little London garden, hardly more than a courtyard, and be encouraged. Here is something charming yet well within the realms of practicability.

To complete your hours of dreaming give some thought to the possibility of a hobby. An outlet for your creative ability, a source of new interest that might at the same time give a cachet to your home. Collecting—whether you collect old china, silver, pictures, antique furniture, or old needlework—is a feminine and satisfying occupation with a practical application in the home since a collection might well be made the nucleus of a charming décor as well as an outlet for the creative ability which, perhaps, is only waiting for a means of expression.

A kitchen to dream about, where every single object has its appointed place and is tidily concealed from view.

(On left.)
Even the smallest garden can be beautiful. This is a London backyard enclosed on each side with tall brick walls.



Lace Wool Cami-Knickers

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. of 2-ply La Laine Super Fingering; one pair each of No. 9 and No. 12 knitting needles; 3 buttons; 2½ yards of narrow ribbon.

MEASUREMENTS: To fit a 32 to 34-in. bust.

TENSION: 15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE FRONT.

With No. 9 needles cast on 28 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 2¾ ins. Continue in the following pattern (cast on 1 st., 29 sts.):

1st row.—K. 2, * p. 3, k. 1, k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1; repeat from * ending p. 3, k. 2.

2nd row.—Purl. Repeat these 2 rows once.

5th row.—K. 1, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, p. 3, k. 1; repeat from * ending k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1.

6th row.—Purl.

Repeat rows 5 and 6 once. These 8 rows form main pattern.

Work one pattern (8 rows). Now cast on 10 sts. (one complete pattern) at the beg. of every row until 87 sts. on needle. Then 5 sts. at the beg. of every row until 127 sts. on needle. Work without further shaping until work measures 3 ins. (measured down the side of leg). Then dec. one stitch each end of the next and every following 4th row until work measures 11½ ins. (measured down the side of leg). Change to No. 12 needles. Knit one row. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Make a row of holes for ribbon.

Next row.—* Rib 3, m. 1, take 2 tog.; repeat from * to end of row. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 9 needles and main pattern. Work for 4½ ins. Cast off.

THE BACK.

With No. 9 needles, cast on 27 sts. Rib 4 rows k. 1, p. 1. (*Contd. on page 67*)

ABBREVIATIONS: K.=knit; p.=purl; st.=stitch; sts.=stitches; dec.=decrease; inc.=increase; tog.=together; beg.=beginning; m.=make.

Knitted Polka-Dot Pull-Over

THE BACK.

With main colour wool, cast on with No. 12 needles 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and the following 6 rows of pattern:

1st row.—Purl main colour wool.

2nd row.—Knit main colour wool.

3rd row.—P. 2 main, * 1 contrast, 3 main; repeat from * to the last 3 sts. 1 contrast, 3 light.

4th row.—Knit in main.

5th row.—Purl in main.

6th row.—* Knit 3 main, 1 contrast; repeat from * to end.

Continue in pattern, increasing 1 stitch each end of the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. and 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 3 ins. Divide sts. for the back opening.

(*Continued on page 67*)

MATERIALS: 6 ozs. of Jasper 3-ply in main colour; 1½ ozs. of 3-ply Jasper in contrast; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 knitting needles; 2 buttons; crochet hook No. 12.

MEASUREMENTS: From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins. Across the back and front underarms, 17 ins. Underarm of sleeve seams, 6 ins.

TENSION: 9 sts. to 1 in.

Down To The Sea

In Beachwear which will put You on Good Terms with Yourself and with the Sun

Left : Dorville's "Corvette" three-piece beach suit in cyclamen and white spotted cotton. The skirt is worn over panties.

Right : A Martin White swimsuit with a one-piece back and bare midriff. Obtainable in satin Celanese and oiled nylon.

Grey worsted slacks with a battle-dress blouse top by Londonus Sportswear. Worn with a plaited straw sun-hat and white Easy Goers sandals.

Printed cotton sunsuit. The suntop is cut deeper at the back and fastens to the waistband of the shorts.

Send a stamped, addressed envelope for details of where these garments can be obtained.

Folby

"To Tell You The Truth"

The cliché can be mildly amusing, just boring and even a menace when used—as it often is—as a cover story for personal weaknesses.

If you make a habit of using clichés turn the light of truth upon them before a mere habit of speech becomes an excuse for bad behaviour.

"I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T MIND." The password of the inveterate social menace who commits every outrage from visiting without a ration-book to borrowing your best nylons. Appears on your doorstep with her pet dog, who proceeds to wreck the house and terrify the children while its doting mistress retires behind her favourite cliché.

"IT 'S ALL VERY WELL FOR HER" . . . the favourite refuge of the older woman who believes she has more responsibilities and less time to be attractive than her more resourceful contemporaries, when often better organisation and more confidence in her potentialities would succeed in her being as charming in middle age as Spring Byington.

"SHAN'T KEEP YOU A MOMENT." Cover story for the telephone menace who "Knows how busy you are, my dear," but continues to ramble on in bewildering detail about nothing in particular, while good manners—or is it sheer ineptitude?—prevent you from telling her that she is wasting your precious time.

"I COULD NEVER RESIST A BARGAIN," is what *she* says. What *you* know is that, in fact, she is a bad manager; that her wardrobe is just a hotch-potch of garments, none of which bears any relation to the next, and that while she sees some obscure virtue in her weakness for a "bargain," other people see a badly-dressed woman.

"OF COURSE, I COULD GET ANOTHER JOB TOMORROW." But could she? Indulgence in this rather vain boast is generally an indication that the boaster is conscious of a need to justify herself. In any case, anyone who really believes that she can get a better job and yet doesn't do so, is either crazy or simply just romancing.

"STRICTLY BETWEEN OURSELVES." Probably the silliest cliché and the most ill-used of them all. Women are particularly guilty of this meaningless prefix to wholesale revelations of other people's business. Revelations which provide a moment's pleasurable gossip and hours—possibly weeks—of complication to the unfortunate victim.

Salt of Life

WE think of common salt in relation to flavouring, but in fact it has other sound and practical uses.

For those who are exhausted by summer heat, an occasional glass of water to which a pinch of salt has been added will restore your energy. The saline solution helps to compensate for the over-rapid loss of natural body fluids.

A quick rub-down with a loofah or rough flannel moistened with hot or cold water is an excellent refresher for the body. Rinse off with a splash-bath. A recipe for a home slimming bath treatment—2 lbs. block salt, 1 lb. soda bicarb. and 1 pint vinegar in a fairly hot bath, two or three times a week.

For healthy gums and teeth, brush once a day with a mixture of three parts of salt to one of bicarbonate of soda.

In the kitchen, salt can make an excellent stop-gap refrigeration for cordials, fruit juices, wines, etc. Place the bottles in a pail and pack in with sand. Put coarsely-cut block salt on top and fill up with water. Allow to stand for an hour or so.

Salt added to the water will remove grubs in greens, etc., and is equally effective for garden pests. It is, in fact, a useful, ready-to-hand insecticide.

On taking flight

HUNDREDS of people will be taking their first flying holiday this summer. An air trip is an exciting prelude to any holiday, and knowing in advance what to expect on the journey will save time, not to say discomfort, for the inexperienced air traveller.

If you are bound for anywhere in Europe your 'plane will leave from Northolt, on the north-west outskirts of London. For America and other countries, Croydon and Heathrow are regular points of departure. Whatever your destination, there is a special bus service from the Air Terminal, London, to the appropriate airport.

British European Airways allow 44 lbs. of luggage free, which is equivalent to two fair-sized suitcases. Air travel luggage, specially constructed for lightness, is quite easy to get now and is most attractive in coloured fibre or canvas. A typical suitcase and square hat-box in natural-coloured fibre with leather corners, designed to conform to the regulation weight of 44 lbs. when filled with an average holiday wardrobe, cost £14 8s. 3d.

Even so, packing demands some planning if you are to get in all the things you need for your holiday. Obviously, precious space cannot be squandered on bulky items, on the extra pair of shoes, the odd bottle of skin tonic. However, if you are going to the South of France or any point south, weather is less of a gamble than in England, which simplifies the problem of clothes.

Plump for double-duty garments—the sun-suit with a detachable skirt which can also do duty as an ordinary summer frock, and the adaptable blouse that will look snappy at cocktail-time—teamed with a short skirt, or glamorous in the evening with a long one. This way one can ring the changes and still keep packing down to a minimum.

Handbags, overcoats, rugs and wraps, walking-sticks, umbrellas and binoculars are not included in the 44 lbs. of luggage. Neither are cameras, but as the use of them from the air is still frowned upon in most countries, they should be packed. Live animals, of course, are not permitted on passenger 'planes, but you would not be taking your pet abroad anyway, because of quarantine difficulties.

Air travel is smooth nowadays, but if you are a bad sailor, take the same precautions against air sickness as for sea sickness. Anyway, a competent Air Hostess is present to give aid in case of need.

In a B.E.A. Vickers Viking 'plane meals and light refreshments are served from the steward's pantry.

A Traffic Clerk brings a small passenger "ashore" at Northolt Airport.

In Search of Glamour...

A dignified and gentlemanly reproof has reached me from a firm of paper manufacturers on the subject of face tissues. I am told that we can manufacture face tissues in this country which are just as good as those produced in America, but that the Government prohibited their being made because the pulp was needed for more essential purposes. Although there is no longer any prohibition in the form of paper control, the Government has not yet seen fit to provide pulp, and the manufacturers cannot obtain the particular form of pulp suitable for face tissues. They have the plant and equipment, the knowledge and the experience—in fact, they have everything except the raw material.

I hate to be unfair, so I give you this piece of information for what it is worth, and it is worth exactly nothing because you will still have to do without decent face tissues, unless you have a kind friend in America who will send them to you. . . .

Jane Gordon

AT last you can welcome the return of glamour to your dressing-table and your handbag. You can throw away those drab utility bottles and jars; those shoddy powder boxes and nasty little wartime lipstick containers. You need no longer pander to the whim of a haughty saleswoman, or buy an inferior preparation because there is nothing else to be had. From now on you are going to be able to pick and choose the beauty preparations which take your fancy. Your dressing-table will be stocked with decorative bottles, jars and boxes, while your lipstick container will be as elegant as a piece of costume jewellery.

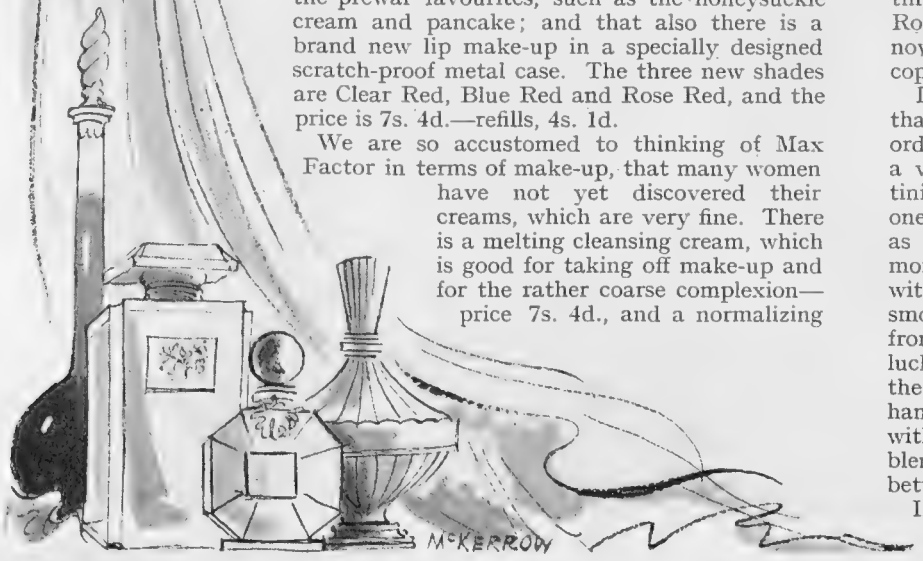
I have just been shown the complete range of Max Factor's beauty preparations, and it is nice to know that you will now have no difficulty in getting the prewar favourites, such as the honeysuckle cream and pancake; and that also there is a brand new lip make-up in a specially designed scratch-proof metal case. The three new shades are Clear Red, Blue Red and Rose Red, and the price is 7s. 4d.—refills, 4s. 1d.

We are so accustomed to thinking of Max Factor in terms of make-up, that many women have not yet discovered their creams, which are very fine. There is a melting cleansing cream, which is good for taking off make-up and for the rather coarse complexion—price 7s. 4d., and a normalizing cleansing cream made for the dry skin—price 4s. 1d. Also a nourishing skin and tissue cream which is soft enough not to pull and drag the skin when used for massage.

One of the most popular make-up foundations is the invisible make-up cream, which is slightly tinted and can be used in conjunction with the pancake make-up if the complexion is inclined to be dry. This is 7s. 4d., the pancake 8s. 2d., and the purse size 4s. 11d. Their three new pancake shades are Cream Rose, Natural Rose and Rose Tan. The whole trend of make-up now is towards the rosy tints and away from the copper and sun-tan.

London water is so hard and so filled with chlorine, that it is a good tip to use rose water instead of ordinary tap water when applying the pancake. For a very dry skin, try this routine: put four of the tiniest dabs of invisible make-up, one on the forehead, one on each cheek, and one on the chin, then blend in as lightly as possible with the fingertips. Next moisten a small sponge or little wad of cotton wool with rose water, rub over the pancake and apply smoothly and evenly, and as sparingly as possible, from the forehead down to the neck-line. If you are lucky enough to have an absorbent tissue, pat over the face to absorb the moisture; if not, use an old handkerchief. When dry, brush off surplus powder with a powder brush, dust over powder and again blend with the powder brush. The less you use, the better will be the result.

If you really want a (*Continued on page* 64)



The famous Ship Inn at Porlock, Somerset, where Southey the poet sheltered from a storm and was inspired to write a sonnet. A tour of the lovely "Lorna Doone" country might well begin from this village

In the "Lorna Doone" Country

Written and Photographed by
Reece Winstone

ALL visitors to the West Country and particularly to North Devon and West Somerset will hardly miss the many references to R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* when considering Exmoor. But one question arises : is the story fact or fiction? The answer is in the author's preface :

"This work is called a 'romance' because the incidents, characters, time and scenery are alike romantic, and in shaping this old tale, the writer neither dares nor desires, to claim for it the dignity or cumber it with the difficulty of an historical novel. And yet he thinks the outlines are filled in more carefully and the situations (however simple) more warmly coloured and quickened, than a reader would expect to find in what is called a legend. And he knows that any son of Exmoor, chancing on this volume, cannot fail to bring to mind the nurse tales of his childhood—the savage deeds of the outlaw Doones in the depths of Bagworthy Forest, the beauty of the hapless maid brought up in the midst of them, the plain John Ridd's Herculean power and (memory's too congenial food) the exploits of Tom Faggus."

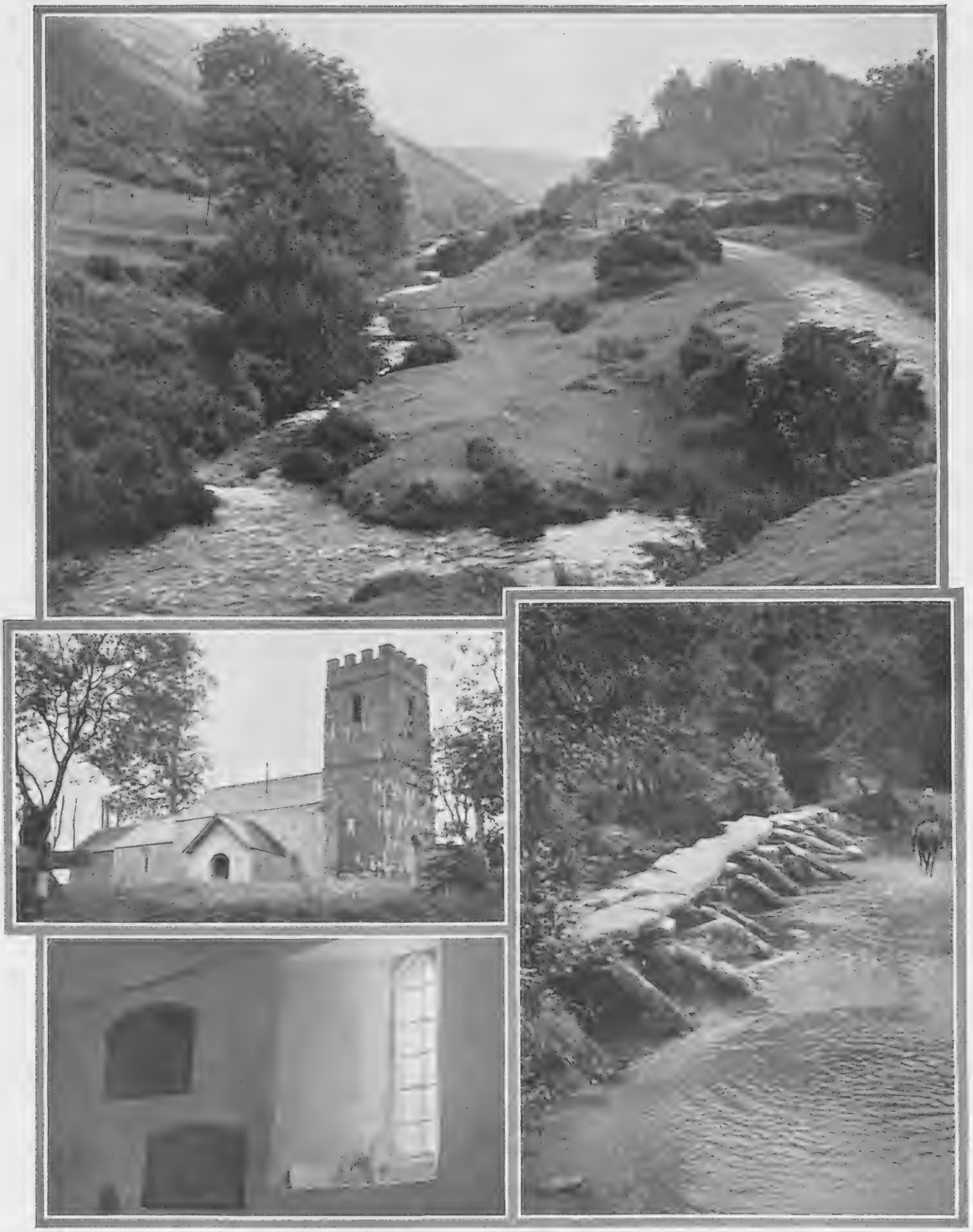
Mr. H. Snowdon Ward published some forty years ago a small book, *The Land of the Doone Country*, tracing these legends which could be relied upon to have existed before 1869 when *Lorna Doone* was published. They are the "Legend of the Doones of Bageorthy," and the "Legend of Faggus and his Strawberry Horse."

Blackmore used these as a background to the main story and a short precis of the tales makes interesting reading. The first concerns the Doone families. Some say they were Danes who invaded the western shores, some say they were Welsh outlaws, some say they were escaped men from Sedgemoor, or again they

On right: A view of Oareford Valley, Exmoor, where Chalk and Weir-Waters meet to become Oare Water. A few hundred yards from this spot is the farm which might well be "Plovers Barrows" the home of Jan Ridd in R. D. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*

On right: A beautiful Somersetshire village is Selworthy, situated in the valley before Dunkerry

On right: The quaint old pack-horse bridge in the charming village of Allerford, near Selworthy



The window in Oare Church through which Carver Doone shot at Lorna as she was standing before the altar being married to Jan Ridd. Above: Oare Church, built in the fifteenth century, stands in Exmoor, on the border of Devon

Tarr Steps—the oldest bridge in Britain—over the River Barle. Legend attributes the building of this bridge to Satan, and D. J. Blackmore in *Lorna Doone*, refers to the legend that the devil built it to win a wager from another fiend challenging his power

were an exiled Scottish party. The name is not a western name, thus giving the clue to the Welsh or Scottish idea. Also there was certainly a Scottish Doone family of Braemuire. However this may be, the Doones suddenly entered Exmoor and erected a village about the time of the Commonwealth, from which they went forth robbing the countryside. It is definitely accepted that they robbed a house at Exford and found only a child which they murdered; a woman servant hidden in the oven heard them say to it the following couplet:

"If anyone asks who killed thee, tell 'em 'twas the Doones of Bagworthy."

This appears in *Lorna Doone*, but the novelist lays the (*Continued on page* 58)

What Says

That hair should be, like Veronica Lake's, the crowning glory

THAT "one man's meat is another man's poison" is a truism which goes for feminine beauty as much as for other matters, and yet men are not so unpredictable in regard to beauty as women like to think.

The average woman's conception of the *femme fatale* is far from that of the average man's, who, let's face it, is disposed to prefer his beauty straight, and not too much nonsense about it. The masculine attitude is probably fairly well summed up in the pronouncement of one of them who recently said that "it's not the beauty that stuns you at first impact, it's the kind that creeps up on you that's dangerous."

One would never dare to apply inflexible standards in this connection, but in assessing the reactions of the average man some generalizations can be safely made.

In the choice between blonde or brunette, willowy or petite, curvacious or slim, every man is a law unto himself, but if a National census were taken it is my guess that the gentle, unsophisticated and supremely feminine type would win the laurels.

Whatever Fashion may dictate about short hair, men—conventional whatever they pretend to the contrary—prefer it long. Ask any of them, pointblank, their opinion of the upswept style to which women are currently so devoted and the majority will mutter something about "looking as if she were in her bath." Smooth, shining, feminine hair styles hit the target every time.

Few men approve lacquered nails, though even fewer women will make concessions to them on this point. Make-up is approved so long as it is discreet. Men do not normally dislike cosmetics, but they hate to see the machinery at work, as it were.

It is a safe bet that the woman who is beautifully groomed, fastidiously delicate in her appearance will succeed where subtler forms of enchantment fail.

Lipstick laid on with abandon, mascara heavily applied, in fact, any form of make-up which departs from the principle of enhancement and becomes affectation is anathema to the masculine mind which is logical and inclined to jib at artificiality. For this reason he hates plucked eyebrows, too

On Present Ration Scales
It Is Possible To Be

Undernourished, But Overweight

A FAD which has been killed by food rationing is dieting. The very term diet has a hollow ring to-day, but though diet fashions are quite dead and forgotten as such, our figures not infrequently show that it is possible to be overweight though undernourished.

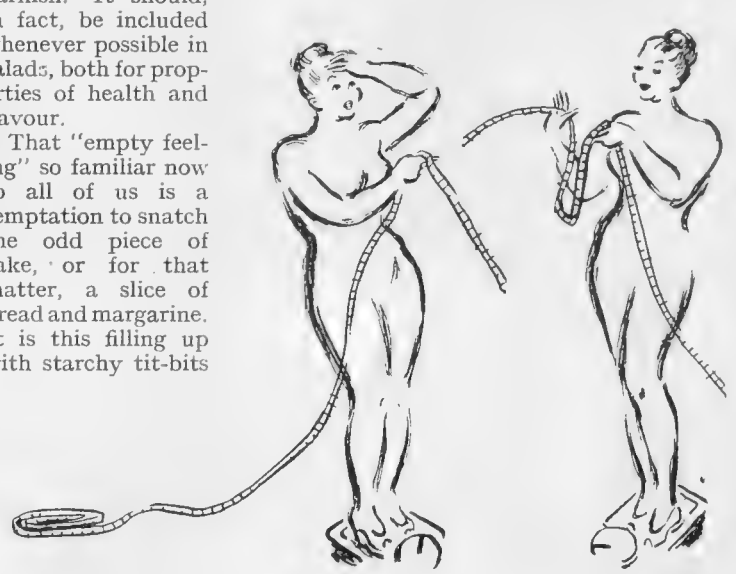
Rations are meagre and fattening foods are scarce, but for all that, voices are raised in all directions against increasing weight, especially by women approaching middle age, and the answer is not too much food but too much stodge and starch. Hence the necessity for watching your diet though not in the pre-war meaning of the term. The records show that the consumption of potatoes has increased by 80 per cent since rationing began. There, in a nutshell, lies the explanation of a good deal of superfluous weight.

All the same, with staple foods as scarce as they are, bread and potatoes must inevitably fill the breach, but at the same time, the intake of these starchy foods can be regulated without risking hunger.

In summer, green vegetables and salads can be made the basis of many meals which would hardly be substantial enough in winter.

Iron is doubly essential in a diet which is deficient in red meat. In summer, a full quota of iron can be made up by eating dark green vegetables, especially spinach and watercress. Prunes are good, too, and for the same reason. Carrots, cabbage, beetroot and lettuce are other iron foods. Their juices are very beautifying to the skin and induce a good, natural colour and clear, bright eyes. Parsley is generally regarded in this country only as a garnish. It should, in fact, be included whenever possible in salads, both for properties of health and flavour.

That "empty feeling" so familiar now to all of us is a temptation to snatch the odd piece of cake, or for that matter, a slice of bread and margarine. It is this filling up with starchy tit-bits



Big problem on a short holiday is how to acquire the coveted sun-tan without the painful scorching process. Sun-tan lotions have been scarce but a good new preparation which protects the skin and hastens the tanning has just appeared.

This is a filter cream which cuts out the sun's burning rays but lets the health-giving ones through. Result—graceful tanning. It can be used as a powder foundation for the face and on any part of the body that is likely to be exposed. Incidentally, it disappears into the skin without leaving a sticky surface. I can give you the details of it if you care to write to me.

Done To A Turn

Of course, make-up must be changed to suit the sun-tanned complexion, or the result is patchy and unbecoming. Redhead All Day Foundation cream is recommended as a powder base to be used with Mat Fonce powder and that lovely shade of lipstick—Cinnabar, for which one can also buy a matching rouge.

the Average Man?

On the subject of feminine beauty he may not say much but he has definite standards and they are not always what women approve

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of the exercises or preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1

That beauty should be, like Dorothy McGuire's, unaffected

much lipstick, obviously dyed hair and, for no ascertainable reason, leg make-up.

As to dress, men again tend to the romantic and feminine more than to the chic. The simple suit must have a frilly blouse, high heels that flatter the contours of a slender ankle are the things that please. In the evening the modern man prefers the woman he is escorting in clothes that are simple and elegant, innocent of fussy bits, trains that need to be dodged and any degree of fragility that makes him nervous of his hands and feet.

Beauty to the average man lies more in the indefinable qualities of gaiety, poise and naturalness, rather than in those of features and colouring. His superficial reactions to curves and colouring are not always a true indication of his inherent tastes. Compare his pin-ups to the woman he marries. A quiz conducted over a number of Army camps during the war where picture galleries of lovely women were displayed for popularity votes, the competitors ranged from the Venus de Milo to Betty Grable. The overwhelming number of votes went to Dorothy McGuire, whose beauty is perhaps the most gentle and unsophisticated type on the screen to-day.

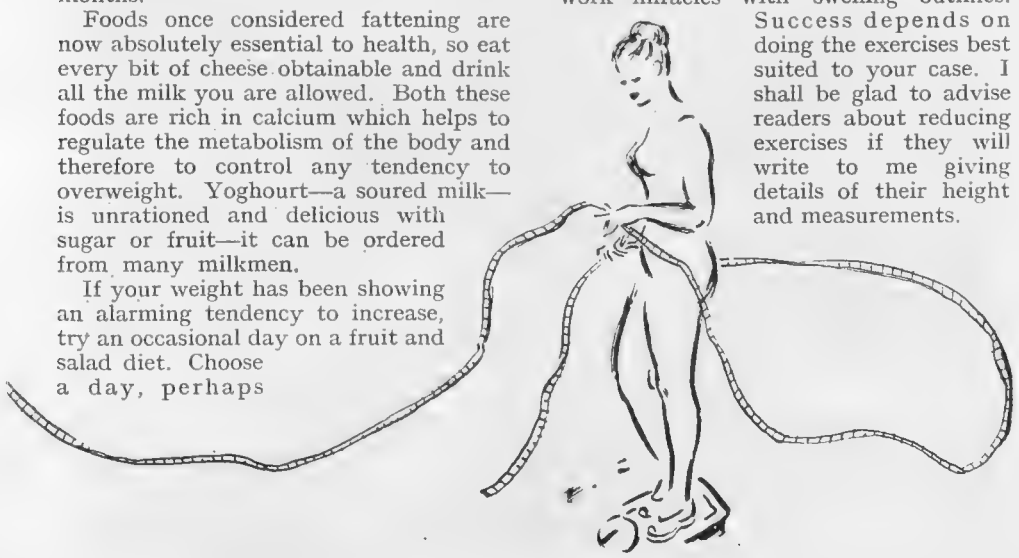
which puts on weight where it is least wanted. Substitute vegetables or salads for potatoes. No need to cut them very drastically, but omit one potato at each meal and avoid bread and potatoes *together* unless you have been without food for a long time. A doctor recently gave it as his opinion that a salad should be eaten at both lunch and dinner—even if it is only plain lettuce or shredded cabbage with a simple dressing. This, he claimed, was quite an adequate substitute for bread and potatoes during the summer months.

Foods once considered fattening are now absolutely essential to health, so eat every bit of cheese obtainable and drink all the milk you are allowed. Both these foods are rich in calcium which helps to regulate the metabolism of the body and therefore to control any tendency to overweight. Yoghourt—a soured milk—is unrationed and delicious with sugar or fruit—it can be ordered from many milkmen.

If your weight has been showing an alarming tendency to increase, try an occasional day on a fruit and salad diet. Choose a day, perhaps Sunday, when you can relax at the same time. Start the day with fruit and some weak tea. Make the main meals entirely salad ones. Drink as much milk as you can eke out of the ration. Drink lots of water between meals to encourage proper elimination which is *essential* for reducing weight.

This occasional day off stodgy foods will do you no harm if at the same time you lay off exercise.

Regular daily exercise, even if you can spare only a few minutes for it, will work miracles with swelling outlines. Success depends on doing the exercises best suited to your case. I shall be glad to advise readers about reducing exercises if they will write to me giving details of their height and measurements.



It Takes A Little Sauce

Orange Joy Meringue

MONOTONY is the prevailing weakness of our rationed food, but with a good sauce the everyday dish becomes a party dish. Here are some easy-to-make sauces guaranteed to improve familiar foods.

AUGUST SAUCE with steamed, boiled, or grilled fish.

Pass through a sieve enough ripe tomatoes to have 1 cupful of purée. Melt 2 oz. of margarine and fry in it 1 cupful of mushrooms peeled and sliced. Add pepper and salt and 1 large grated onion. When cooked add the purée and let simmer for 10 minutes.

SALAD SAUCE

Boil 2 eggs for five minutes. Peel them, chop up the whites and mix them with 1 dessertspoonful of chopped taragon leaves. Pound the yolks with 1 clove of garlic, 1 teaspoonful of mustard and a few drops of lemon juice. Then add, drop by drop and mixing well, 2 dessertspoonfuls of salad oil and finally 2 dessertspoonfuls of milk or cream, and the chopped whites of egg with the taragon.

ANCHOVY SAUCE with boiled and steamed white fish.

Mix 1 glassful of water with 1 gill of vinegar. Add 2 onions, 1 dessertspoonful of grated horseradish, a little mace, cloves, salt and pepper and let simmer 20 minutes. Remove from the fire, strain and pass through a sieve keeping the liquid separate. Mix the purée with 2 anchovies chopped very small, 1 tablespoonful of tomato purée and 3 eggs (dry). Add the liquid slowly stirring constantly. Reheat over a low fire stirring all the time, until it thickens.

ONION CREAM with mutton, lamb and fried tripe.

Slice very thinly enough onions to fill one cup. Fry them in 2 oz. of margarine and when golden brown mix in 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour. Add 2 cupfuls of milk and stir well while bringing to the boil. Season to taste and let simmer 10 minutes.

SPECIAL SAUCE for vegetables.

Bring to the boil 1 pint of milk, or half milk and half water, with a bouquet of herbs, salt, pepper and the finely-sliced rind of 1 lemon. Let simmer 30 minutes. Melt 2 oz. of margarine, mix in 3 dessertspoonfuls of flour and pour over the milk previously strained. Stir well while bringing it to the boil. When thick remove from the fire and add 2 tablespoonfuls of stock and the juice of the lemon.

MUSTARD AND MUSHROOM SAUCE with gratin and cheese pudding.

Mix on a low fire 1 tablespoonful of margarine with one of flour and when the flour turns golden brown add 1 cupful of meat stock and 1 tablespoonful of vinegar previously mixed with a teaspoonful of mustard. When boiling pass through a sieve and add a few mushrooms fried and cut into thin slices. Let simmer 10 minutes before serving, add seasoning to taste.

APPLE SAUCE for roast pork, duck and goose, and can also be used, if liked, as a pudding sauce.

Peel, core, and slice 1 lb. of apples, put them into a saucepan with 1½ oz. sugar, 1 oz. margarine and a little water. Cook until tender, rub through a sieve, reheat and add a little more sugar if necessary.

WINE SAUCE for boiled bacon, fresh water fish and veal.

Melt 1 oz. of margarine in a small saucepan. Add 1 small carrot and 1 small onion finely chopped up, a little parsley and a bay-leaf. When the onion is golden brown mix in 1 tablespoonful of flour, then add 2 cupfuls of meat stock and stir until it thickens. Add 1 tablespoonful of Algerian white wine, 1 of tomato purée and a few mushroom stalks. Let simmer for 20–30 minutes. Pass through a sieve, season to taste and reheat before serving.

August Sauce

Coloured Junket and Fruit

Fish Soup

Milk As An Ingredient

CHILDREN home for the holidays may present a problem when it comes to drinking their milk ration; so many dislike the daily glass of milk, but would probably take it readily in some simple but exciting disguise.

For instance, junket made in one of a variety of pretty colours and flavours is a popular disguise. Its smooth shining surface is fascinating and it has the added advantage that it only takes two minutes to prepare, and junket will make a delicious accompaniment to the children's blackberry and apple or plums; on the whole they prefer this simple and attractive dish to the more common custards and blancmanges. Here then, is a recipe for an ordinary junket:

JUNKET

Ingredients: 1 pint fresh milk; fruit juice, essence or other flavouring, colouring, sugar to taste; about 1 oz.

Make milk warm but not really hot, and dissolve sugar in it. Add enough fruit juice to flavour and a few drops of colouring. Choose your colour according to the fruit. Stir in a good half teaspoonful of rennet. Put aside in a cool place to set, being careful not to disturb it.

AUGUST is a month of thunderstorms, and however careful we are about boiling the milk, we sometimes get caught out and are faced with a little curdled milk. This can be used in scones and cakes, but for a change this is a delicious dish:—

YOGHOURT

Take 2 cupfuls of milk and bring to the boil; let it cool off. Put into each cup 1 teaspoonful of sour milk or sour cream, add the tepid milk and stir thoroughly. Leave it on the stove until all liquid has been absorbed and serve as it is or with a little sugar as preferred.

IF you have both an egg and milk to spare, the following, topped with meringue, always delights children:—

ORANGE JOY

Ingredients: 1 pint milk, ½ oz. powdered gelatine, 3 oz. breadcrumbs, 3 oz. sugar, 1 oz. margarine, 2 eggs, 1 orange.

Heat milk and dissolve gelatine in it. Bring it to the boil and pour on to breadcrumbs. Beat in margarine and 2 oz. sugar and add egg yolks (or reconstituted eggs) and beat well. Add grated rind of the orange. When all is well mixed together turn into a pie dish and bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350 degrees for 30 minutes. Now whip 1 or 2 egg whites stiffly with 1 oz. sugar and a teaspoon of orange juice. Pile it on pudding in little rough heaps and brown lightly in cool oven. Serve cold.

NEVER in France, home of all good cooking, have hors d'œuvres taken the place of soup at the beginning of a meal as they are doing in this country. A well-made and delicately flavoured soup stimulates the appetite far more than the endless variety of things which have erroneously become the introduction to a good dinner.

Soups can be many and varied, from the consommé to the homely potage, but as we are concentrating on milk and its attributes, here is a delicious one with milk as the basic ingredient:—

FISH SOUP

Ingredients: 1 cod's head or two fresh haddocks, 1 onion, 1 large tablespoon flour, 2 oz. margarine, small bunch herbs, 1 pint milk.

Wash fish well and stew with onion, peeled and sliced, herbs and a pinch of salt and 1½ pints of water. When boiling, skim and simmer slowly about 30 minutes. Strain off liquor. Melt margarine in a pan, add flour and stir till smooth. Gradually add milk, keeping it smooth. Then add fish liquor and bring to boil. Season. Add a few scraps of fish and chopped parsley and serve.

Ice-Cool

THOSE who have a refrigerator will like these two recipes. A point to bear in mind in these days of fuel economy is that if you allow extra time for the ice cream in the frig. you needn't waste current setting it specially to "freezing." A medium temperature will set it. The exact time for freezing varies with different refrigerators.

VANILLA ICE CREAM

Ingredients: ½ pint milk, 1¾ oz. flour, 3 oz. sugar.

Make a stiff blancmange with these ingredients. Leave till quite cold, covering the basin with a lid or a hard skin will form.

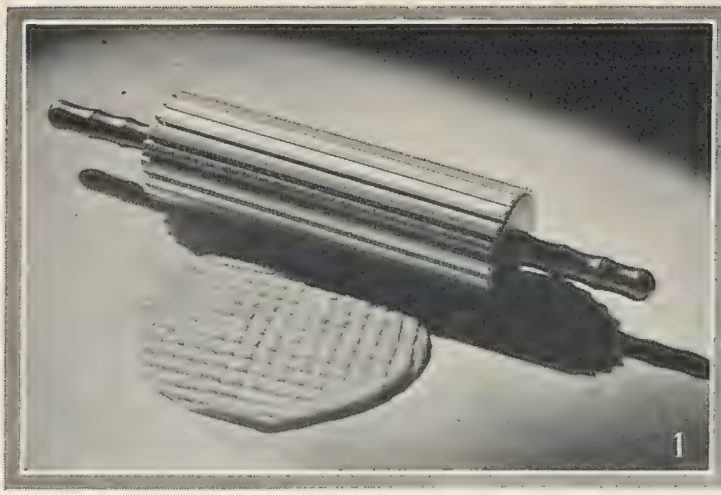
Beat up a tin of evaporated milk and stir in. Put in freezing trays in the frig. and stir once or twice while freezing. It should take one or two hours according to temperature. This mixture needn't all be used at once. It will keep in the freezing trays.

Here is a recipe for a fruit ice which is excellent in an ice cream soda. It should be frozen very stiff and only put in the liquid at the last moment or it will melt.

FRUIT ICE

Ingredients: 5 heaped tablespoonfuls icing sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls milk, ½ pint fruit purée, 2 egg whites, ½ pint thick custard made from egg yolks.

Mix sugar with milk. Add fruit purée (not juice). Then add custard and whipped egg white and freeze. Put the juice for your soda in the frig. to have it as cold as possible.



At Your Service

Useful gadgets for the home are once more becoming available. Further details of those illustrated here can be obtained from The Editor, Women's Section, Britannia and Eve, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1.

1. *Pixie Rolling Pin in rustless metal. Grooves roll air into the pastry. 18s. 4d.*

2. *Lemon Squeezer and Strainer. Price 6s.*

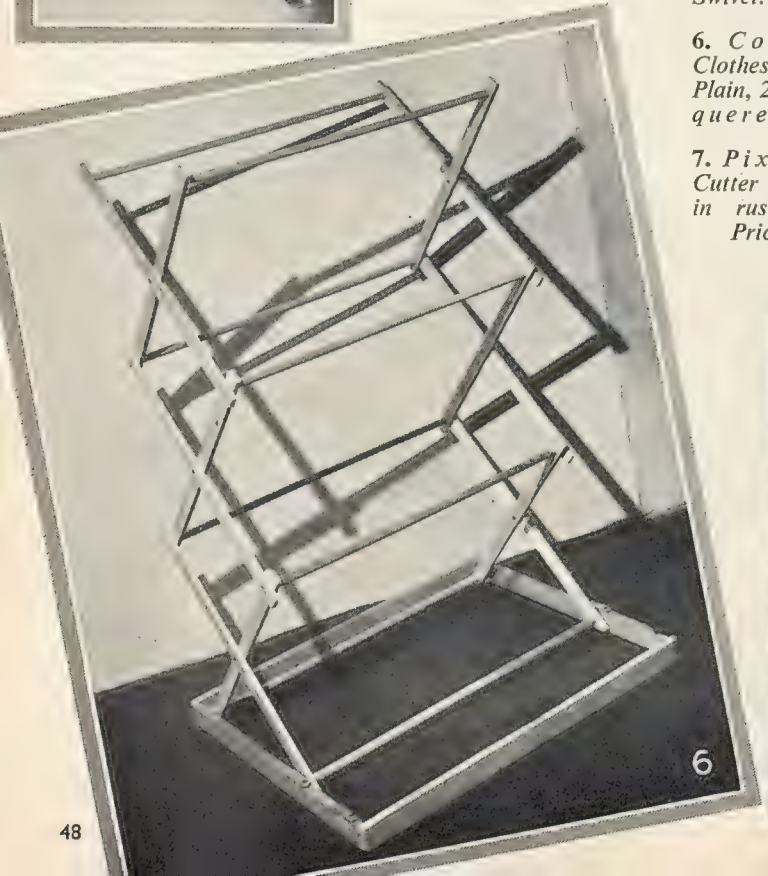
3. *Can Opener, designed to open any type of can easily and speedily. Price 8s. 4d.*

4. *"Meagre Rations" Scales which gives accurate readings for very small weights. Maximum 4 lbs. Price approx. £3 5s.*

5. *Anti-splash Tap Swivel. Price 3s. 8d.*

6. *Collapsible Clothes Airer. Price, Plain, 27s. 6d., Lacquered, 29s. 6d.,*

7. *Pixie Pastry Cutter and Crimper in rustless metal. Price 3s. 8d.*



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(6)

You Want To Rest? (*Continued from page* 16)

American big businessmen before the allotted span). But Lloyd George, who during the first World War was subjected to strains transcending those imposed on American chief executives, survived in health for more than twenty years after his term of office ended. He knew how to rest.

Regularly after lunch he cocked his short legs on a chair and took an hour's nap. He had a special desk chair made in which he could slump and sleep. He needed only ten minutes between visitors. He awoke revived, clear-headed, vigorous. Should he sleep in the country? His doctors consulted, checked the distance back and forth by car, took as factors in the equation the airiness of the big bedroom at No. 10, the quiet of that little backwater street on the edge of St. James's Park, the secluded garden. They decided that fresh country air overnight would not compensate for the fatigue of shuttling between No. 10 and Chequers. The Premier stayed in town.

Napoleon, less wise, never learned how to rest. A lady he brought into his palace bedroom exclaimed at sight of his soldier's bed. Why, one couldn't turn in it! "Madam," retorted Napoleon, "when I turn, I turn out." An hour when he wasn't working, gourmandizing, or womanizing—his recorded mistresses exceed a hundred—was wasted life. He couldn't even relax at table. He bolted his food, and, if he hadn't developed a stomach cancer, undoubtedly the failure of one or other of his abused organs would have killed him before sixty. He burnt himself out at forty.

Women are said to need more rest than men. It's probably not biologically true: they are tougher organisms. But a film star friend of mine told me that his wife—eight years younger, and also an actress—rests three hours to his one during a working day, sleeps nine hours to his seven, and once a week doesn't rise till noon: all in the interests of "keeping work-fit." Part of "keeping fit" for a beautiful actress, of course, means keeping that fresh and youthful look.

Some heads of great businesses can't retire, or die when they do. Rockefeller planned to retire at fifty. A financial panic kept him at his office seven years longer. But when it was over, his oil and investment empire safe again, he walked out and never went back. He took pleasure in food, music, flowers, trees, his family, his investments, his philanthropies, a daily nine holes of golf, his massage, books, his rest spells. He slept peacefully, maybe had beautiful dreams. He enjoyed life for another thirty-five years.

Sleep is Nature's rest cure. Foch and Montgomery in the field retired early on the eve of great battles, and slept like babies through them. Old Pierpont Morgan would ask of some adventurous tycoon seeking the firm's backing: "Does he sleep well?" and only if the answer was "yes," were the millions forthcoming. Sleeping, the organism rests, a powerful motor just quietly ticking over, storing the vital juices and secretions which fuel the waking life. If the sleep is fitful and restless, the batteries, instead of being recharged, leak current away.

Insomnia, or inability to relax and rest, can be due to any one of a hundred causes, from a harassed conscience to an inefficient colon irritating the nervous system by reflex action. Cure the bad conscience, put the colon in order so that the digestion works properly (if either feat is psychologically or medically possible), and the capacity to rest is restored.

But though they can uncover the cause of sleeplessness, doctors still don't understand the mechanism of sleep. When they do light on the secret, they should be able to induce sleep at will. Such a discovery would enormously increase man's work powers, and lengthen the span of a woman's youthful life, besides freeing us from most of the maladies arising from over-fatigue or insomnia.

But it will be a sad day for the purveyors of sleeping pills, powders and draughts, whose market currently approximates one person in three over thirty years of age.

END

The Mandarin Gang (*Continued from page* 12)

around the building, Maupert blew his whistle. On the instant officers crashed open both front and rear doors and ordered all inside to come out with their hands up. Pallid-faced, vicious-eyed men and women affrightedly obeyed. One by one they were seized, searched for weapons then hustled along to the roadway at the top of the bank where police vans waited. But none of the ones thus searched were Courtaud or the slant-eyed young oriental.

"Think they were tipped off?" Maupert asked.

"I doubt it," Bertillon demurred. "No! The Lily reports that this building covers underground crypts and caverns. We will search for them."

As he spoke Bertillon strode into the café, issuing brisk orders to the rank and file who followed. At once officers began ripping up floor coverings seeking a hidden trapdoor. Presently the floor was bare, yet the keenest eyes could see no sign of an opening of any kind.

"This building," Bertillon then commented thoughtfully, "was obviously erected on the spot for a purpose; is, as The Lily reports, above the catacombs. That being so there must be an entrance. I wonder——" For long moments he gazed speculatively at the long bar, then walked behind it. Then, reaching far under the counter, Levallois felt a small lever. He moved it. Followed the faint hissing of compressed air as a section of the flooring at the far end of the bar slid to one side, revealing a flight of damp stone steps.

"Ah!" Bertillon breathed. "Remove your shoes and draw your guns, but no lights or sound."

Stealthily, warily they crept down the stairs. Presently they found themselves feeling their way along a low, narrow passage illuminated but dimly by the lights from the café above. But as they moved farther forward they presently found themselves in stygian blackness.

"I'll risk a light," Bertillon whispered, producing his flashlight. Wrapping his handkerchief about it to muffle the beam he switched it on. Thus guided the group of officers crept along until they found their way obstructed by a subterranean stream about thirty feet in width.

"No sign of a boat," Bertillon said softly, "so that suggests someone is on the other side."

"We'll soon find out," Levallois replied, taking off his coat and vest. Silently he slipped into the stream. Long minutes and then he reappeared paddling a small, flat-bottomed boat.

"I thought I heard voices on the other side," he whispered as the others crowded into the boat, "so we must move very quietly."

"I hope so," Bertillon replied as they reached the far side of the river and scrambled ashore. "These catacombs extend for miles and I've already had enough of this creepy business. Also——S-s-sh!" He lifted a finger to his lips as all now heard the faint murmur of voices and glimpsed the glow of lights.

Inch by inch the group wormed their way forward and then, rounding a corner, saw their quarry.

In a large crypt lighted by a hanging oil lamp were at least a dozen men. Most conspicuous, because of his huge size, was Courtaud, alias d'Artagnan. Leaning forward in his chair he was speaking to the others low-voiced but intently.

And then they saw Rousseau. Bound hand and foot he was (*Continued on page* 52)

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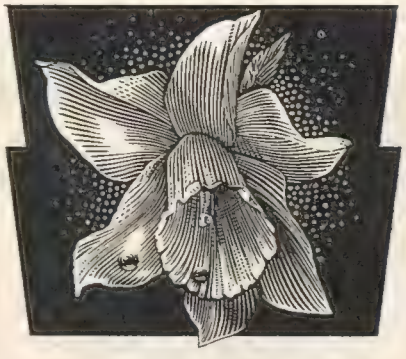

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stretched on the floor in the middle of the gang. Leaning over him, a revolver gleaming in one hand, was the mandarin; slight, slant-eyed and yellow-skinned now dressed like an apache. It was obvious that at that very moment the gang were deciding what to do with Rousseau, the revolver suggesting he was to be shot. But——

"All right! Not a move!"

As Bertillon snapped the command he and the others, guns ready, crowded into the chamber. A dozen pairs of alarmed eyes lifted but no one moved.

"Now," Bertillon added. "One at a time get to your feet and approach to be manacled."

"No!" Suddenly the mandarin was pressing the gun he held right against Rousseau's head. "Now shoot!" he challenged. "Go on—if you want your friend to die."

For long moments all froze, only eyes challenged eyes, then:

"Well," Bertillon said bitterly. "What are your terms?"

"That's better," the mandarin nodded, black eyes gleaming triumphantly. "Our terms are that we be allowed to leave. We shall take your friend with us. To pass through the cordon of officers you, no doubt, have around this building will require a pass from you. You will write that pass."

"Mon Dieu!" Bertillon breathed. "To think that I should be dictated to by such scum!"

"Enough!" The mandarin's eyes blazed furiously. "No insults. Yes or no? Our freedom, or shall I first kill your friend and then we'll all shoot it out here and now?"

"I——"

"Shoot it out, chief," came from Rousseau. "I will gladly give my life for such a cause."

"No, Henri," Bertillon replied. "I would not let you make such a sacrifice. But how do we know that you will keep your word?" he asked the mandarin.

"You will know when you find your friend alive and well when you return to headquarters," the mandarin snapped. "He will be released as soon as we are safe."

Helplessly, then, Bertillon and the others stood to one side and watched the gangsters leave, the mandarin last. As he took the pass from Bertillon he sneered: "You will hear further of us, m'sieur."

"I hope so," Bertillon replied with deadly calm, "for I wish you all to make the acquaintance of a good friend of ours."

"A friend?"

"La Guillotine."

For a moment the mandarin seemed to shrink, then hurriedly followed the others.

UPON returning to headquarters they found Rousseau awaiting them.

"So the mandarin kept his word," Bertillon exclaimed thankfully, grasping Rousseau's hand. "And are you hurt, Henri?"

"I still have a headache," Rousseau replied ruefully, "for they outed me with a sandbag, but otherwise I'm all right. But, chief, I was not unconscious very long although I pretended to be."

"So?" Bertillon stared inquiringly.

"I overheard quite a lot," Rousseau explained; "that which surprised me. So in the morning, chief, I want you to come on a visit with me, then it'll be your turn to be surprised."

"Yes?" Bertillon raised his eyebrows. "Are you sure that you are all right, Henri?"

"Quite sure," Rousseau snapped. "It is not light-headedness. Now I would like a few hours sleep then will meet you here in the morning."

At nine o'clock the next morning Rousseau returned to headquarters and Bertillon, Levallois and Dupont exclaimed aloud at his appearance, for he was dressed from head to toe in black.

"Are you expecting to attend a funeral, Henri?" Bertillon asked.

"No," Rousseau answered. "And I wish you, too, to change your clothes, chief, for this morning you and I are going to be insurance agents."

"And why?"

"I'll explain later," Rousseau parried.

Less than an hour later Rousseau was ringing the bell of a pretentious mansion on the Avenue Wagram near the Place de l'Etoile. A husky man-servant with the battered features of a prize fighter opened the front door and seeing the two shabbily dressed callers immediately tried to slam the door in their faces.

"But we have an appointment with mademoiselle," Rousseau protested, inserting a foot in the door. "Permit us to enter."

For a moment the servant glared, then led the way to a small reception room.

"Now fetch your mistress," Rousseau ordered.

"But why all this?" Bertillon asked softly when they were alone.

"I wish to get a close look at the girl who lives here," Rousseau whispered. "You also study her hard. I——"

He broke off as a black-haired dark-eyed young woman swept into the room, and coldly demanded their business.

"I'm afraid, mademoiselle," Rousseau bowed, "that my stupid assistant made a mistake in the address; that we are in the wrong house."

"Then leave at once," the young woman ordered, and walked from the room.

"And leave at once we did, eh?" Rousseau chuckled when he and Bertillon were again outside. "That ex-pug almost threw us out."

"But why?" Bertillon asked as they walked towards their car.

"What did you especially notice about that girl?" Rousseau asked.

"That she was wearing a wig," Bertillon replied promptly. "She possesses an exquisite white skin which rightfully belongs to light-coloured hair."

"Such as red?" Rousseau queried.

"Red?" Bertillon stared. "Yes, or flame-coloured, and——"

"That was Mademoiselle Marcelle Haxaire de Joinville," Rousseau cut in. "The flame-haired girl who was driving the Isotta-Fraschini that almost wrecked us."

"But——" Bertillon began as they got into their car. "I mean, Henri, what is the meaning of this? We are supposed to be trying to track down the mandarin gang. Surely you do not hint that—— Poof! But it is preposterous. When the Isotta-Fraschini was traced so was the de Joinville family. Of French descent, more than fifty years ago they established themselves in Brazil where they are regarded as rich aristocrats. Of course, members of the family on occasion visit Europe but—— I repeat, Henri, poof!"

"You can 'poof' all you like, chief," Rousseau replied as he stopped the car outside headquarters, "but the report you got might have been an old one; the family might have fallen on evil times. Again, there might be a black sheep in the family."

"But what about the mandarin? What about Courtaud?"

"Actually we know but little about Courtaud," Rousseau pointed out. "But here's the situation: Now the mandarin gang no longer dares to meet at La Sauterelle they must meet somewhere, eh? Well, whilst I feigned unconsciousness I overheard that they plan to now make their headquarters at the house we just left. I further learned that there is an underground passage from the big garage at the side of the mansion into the house."

"An underground passage!" Bertillon exclaimed. "But that is common with many of the better homes; a covered connection with the garage."

"Yes," Rousseau agreed. "But tonight, chief, I wish you would plan a raid on that house. I'm confident that it will bring results."

"Raid a house occupied by members of the de Joinville family?" Bertillon protested. "But that is a risky business, mon ami."

"Have I ever let you down, chief?"

"No," Bertillon admitted.

"Then let's go into details," Rousseau urged.

By midnight the big house on the Avenue Wagram had been completely and surreptitiously surrounded (*Continued on page* 54)

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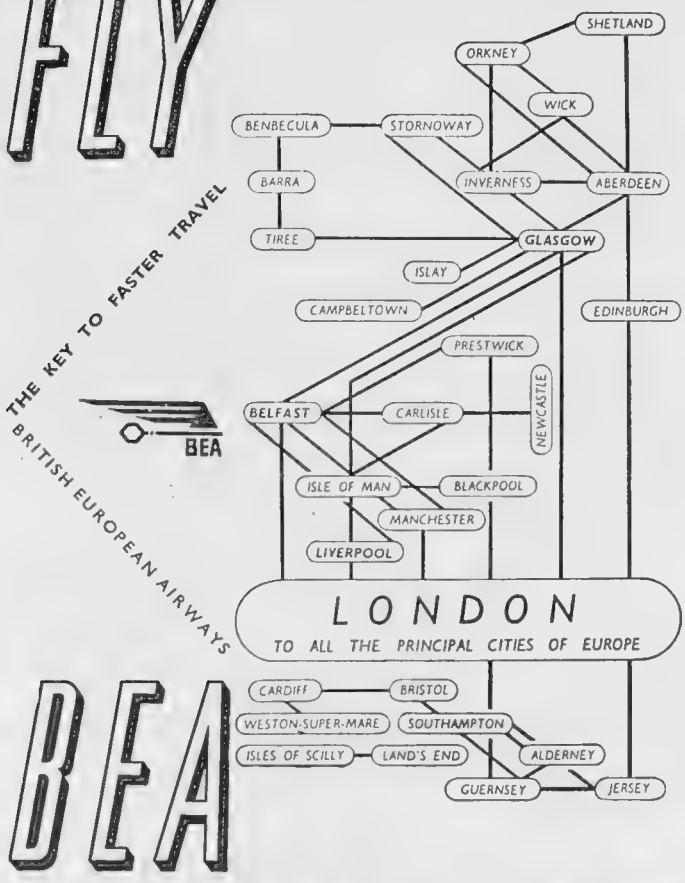

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by plainclothes officers who, taking up their stations one by one, were now indiscernible.

Rousseau had made arrangements that he, Bertillon, Dupont, Levallois, Maupert and other high-ranking officers watch from the window of a lower room in a house across the street. They had been watching ever since darkness had set in and had seen almost a dozen men slip furtively towards the big garage. There, after manipulating some mechanism which automatically caused the steel doors to open, each caller had slipped inside and the doors had then closed.

But for almost an hour now no one had arrived.

"Do you think that they are all now inside?" Bertillon asked.

"Yes," Rousseau nodded, "so now we will enter. We will slip across the road one at a time, but had better enter the house in a body."

"Can you open the garage doors?" Bertillon asked.

"I think so," Rousseau answered. "No doubt they're just the usual electrically controlled doors operated by a treadle in the runway. When a car wheel passes over it the doors open. Inside, the car rolls over another treadle which closes them. I'll go first and open them."

A few minutes later all were within the big garage with the doors now closed.

"Note the Isotta-Fraschini?" Rousseau whispered, indicating the car.

Bertillon nodded, whispered: "Lead the way."

Opening a small door Rousseau led the way down a short flight of stone steps, then along a narrow passageway and up more steps. Cautiously he next eased open the door at the top and led the way into a large kitchen.

"What about servants?" Bertillon formed the words with his lips.

For a long moment all listened tautly then: "Probably given the night off," Rousseau whispered, then held up his hand as a signal to listen. Came the far away murmur of voices. Pointing a finger upwards, Rousseau led the way along a hallway to the main staircase. Softly they commenced to climb.

Now the sound of voices was plainly audible, coming from a large room in the front of the house. Listening, they heard a soft feminine voice addressing the others.

"It's the girl!" Bertillon said, his lips against Rousseau's ear. "What——"

Rousseau's reply was to draw his revolver, signalling to the others to do the same. Then,

The Mandarin Gang

drawing a deep breath, he silently turned the handle of the door and all in one movement hurled it wide.

"Don't move!" At Rousseau's command the ones in the room jerked startled faces towards the door, to find themselves covered by a battery of pistols held by men whose eyes showed they meant business. "Now, chief!" Rousseau said over his shoulder.

"So!" Stepping forward Bertillon let his eyes rove over the flabbergasted crooks, a full dozen in number. They were grouped about an ornately carved table. At one end, slant eyes now blazing venomously, sat the mandarin. At the other end was the gross bulk of Courtaud, alias d'Artagnan. Piled high on the table was money and jewellery, precious stones scintillating in the light from the big chandelier overhead.

"So!" Bertillon repeated. "Just in time, eh? Evidently you were about to share the loot of your many nefarious operations and flee. But now it is too late. Handcuff them," he ordered over his shoulder.

Officers sprang to obey. Presently all had been manacled.

"But I do not see the girl," Bertillon then said to Rousseau.

Rousseau's reply was surprising. Producing a small bottle of spirits and a wad of cotton he walked over to the mandarin and, ignoring a blistering torrent of oaths began dabbing the fluid on the yellow face. All stared incredulously as they saw yellow skin flake off, followed by strips of theatrical tape that had been used to slant the eyes. Rousseau then removed the black wig revealing a riotous mass of flame-coloured curls.

"Mademoiselle Marcelle Haxaire de Joinville, alias the mandarin," Rousseau then said. "Courtaud, alias d'Artagnan, is actually Frantz de Joinville, her father. Monsieur and mademoiselle," he added to the blazing-eyed, cursing father and daughter, "when you have a hostage you should make certain that he is really unconscious before exchanging confidences. Your holding me prisoner has brought about your undoing."

"But this is the one I shall really enjoy sending to his death," Bertillon then put in, seizing an under-sized, ashen-faced, trembling member of the gang by the shoulders and dragging him forward. "Look at him! Jules Voland, the traitor! The Judas who betrayed our comrade, Le Pante. And now away with the scum!"

END

The Ocean Leaper

(*Continued from page 20*)

line, it bursts out of the water amid a glittering shower of spray and leaps high into the air in endeavours to throw the fisherman's hook. According to Heilner, three out of four tarpon throw the hook on their first leap! So great is the violence of their efforts, they sometimes send the bait crashing back into the boat from which the angler is endeavouring to catch them.

Tarpon fishing can be a highly dangerous sport. If a hundred-pound tarpon leaps near a boat it may land on top of the angler and maim him for life. A fisherman wrote to me some time ago and said he had known of a man who had both his legs broken when a tarpon crashed into the boat from which he was fishing. And several men have been killed by a blow from a tarpon's tail, on which the scales are as hard as steel.

Tarpon have two anatomical peculiarities which may have an influence on their leaping powers. They have a functional lung which enables them to breathe air. Mr. Gray Griswold says he once caught a baby tarpon and kept it in a tub. The little fish rose periodically to the surface and then retired to the bottom of the tub and expelled the air slowly from its mouth.

The other physical peculiarity is the curious modification of the dorsal fin. The last ray is drawn out into a long filament, and it has been claimed that before making a leap the tarpon "lashes this whip around to one side of the body and clamps it tight to its side." By this means the fin is kept rigidly to one side, and the tarpon is able to determine the course of its jump. But other authorities are doubtful about this.

Whatever the mechanics of the tarpon's jump may be, there is no doubt about its prowess as a leaper. Tarpon have been known to jump eighteen feet into the air and to cover an arc across the water of over thirty feet. They often jump, although the most spectacular displays are reserved for when they are fighting for their lives at the end of a fisherman's rod and line.

Tarpon are probably the only fish in the world which will free themselves of a hook amid the branches of a tree. On the banks of some of the rivers where tarpon are found the trees grow to the water's edge. If a tarpon is caught in such a river it may leap into the tree, thrash about among the branches for a second or so, and then crash back into the water, leaving the fisherman's line hopelessly entangled in the tree.

Sharks are often found in tarpon waters, and add another thrill to the excitement of tarpon fishing. The tarpon probably has the tail of any shark (its estimated maximum speed is around forty miles an hour) when unhampered by the fisherman's line, but when caught a tarpon becomes easy prey for one of these hyenas of the sea. It sometimes happens that a man starts playing a tarpon and ends up with a huge shark on the end of the line.

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Atlantic Calling

(*Continued from page 19*)

a bit. He and I were flying officers together in the same squadron before the war. But it doesn't make sense. Joyce is in 'G' and she's down in the sea. And now you've just given me a position to search for her dinghy. What is it all about, sir? I don't understand."

"It *was* Joyce who spoke. I recognized his voice, too. He reported to me and he told me the position where the dinghy is—gave it to me in latitude and longitude, not in code. I've spoken to the exchange and they say no call came through them. Yet you and I spoke to Joyce on that instrument." He pointed to the table. "Connelly, there's something very strange in all this."

"Did he say if he was in the dinghy, sir?"

"No, he said there were three men in it. He didn't say who they were. We won't know any more till the sloop gets to the spot. If we do then. It doesn't sound as though it is very good weather in the Atlantic for a dinghy. I'd better go and tell the admiral that we've asked him to send out a sloop on account of a telephone call which came over no existing line from a man in an aircraft down in the middle of the Atlantic. And you'd better stand by for any more telephone calls. Joyce may have something more to say."

Neither of them felt the slightest hesitancy about accepting the authenticity of the message they had received. Though it was utterly impossible that they could have talked to Joyce, they instinctively acted upon his appeal for help and would await any more instructions or directions he might give, as they would have done in the case of any routine matter. Both had heard and recognized his voice and his characteristic stutter, so there could be no question of one of them suffering an hallucination. It was all quite impossible, yet completely compelling.

How strange it was, suddenly struck Connelly with renewed force. He remembered again the mental picture he had seen just before the S O S had been received. It was all part of a most extraordinary piece of telepathy. In some way, Joyce had made touch with him and, through him, with the A.O.C., to tell them of his crew's plight. He remembered Joyce well, a keen boy when they had been in a squadron together, good at games, an excellent pilot, rather reserved. There had never been anything very unusual about him as far as Connelly could remember, certainly he had never shown any particular interest in telepathy or the unseen. He had been one of an ordinarily good bunch of young officers and had done well and won a D.F.C. early on. Connelly turned to the A.O.C.

"I can't understand any of this, sir. There's something else I must tell you. You know, before we got that S O S message, I had a sort of day-dream about 'G'; it was as though I was there." And he told the story.

"The whys and wherefores are beyond you and me, my boy," said the A.O.C. when he had finished. "But whatever the explanation may turn out to be, we've got to do all we can to help. I've no hesitation in doing what Joyce—or that voice, wherever it came from—has asked me to do. Ours not to reason why at the moment." He went out.

Connelly's watch ended at midnight, but when his relief came, he told him briefly what had happened and stayed on in the operations room. The air vice-marshal came back from seeing the admiral and they sat, mostly in silence, during the rest of the night. No other message came through from Joyce and the operations room fell back into its normal routine. The A.O.C. asked for another cup of tea and made a half-hearted attempt to continue his crossword puzzle, but mostly he sat in an armchair with his eyes closed, though Connelly could see that he was not asleep. He was normally a rather taciturn man, but he was clearly deeply moved. He always took the loss of an aircraft and crew very much to heart.

About six, he got up from his chair. "We ought to be hearing something from that sloop soon," he said. "Go along and ask the sailors if they've heard from her at all since she left."

Connelly went through the swing-door and returned almost immediately. "Nothing yet, sir," he said. "They'll come along the second they hear anything, but she won't make a signal before she is very close in."

They settled down for another period of waiting. Eight o'clock came and another relief, but neither the A.O.C. nor Connelly could bring himself to leave the operations room. They had breakfast brought in and, while they were eating it, a burly commander put his head round the door from the naval side with a signal form in his hand.

"Signal from *Heartsease*, sir," he said. "They've picked up the dinghy crew and are bringing them back."

The A.O.C. took the message form. "From Heartsease. Picked up dinghy in position indicated. Am proceeding to base with following personnel: Williams, flight engineer; Harris, air gunner; Burford, air gunner; Langley, wireless operator, died of injuries. Made search of area, no wreckage or bodies seen. Estimated time of arrival Base 0900 G.M.T."

He handed the message to Connelly. "Joyce isn't there," he said. Their eyes met and held for a moment. Then the A.O.C. looked away.

"Do you feel strong enough to fly down to Drymouth and interview the crew as soon as they land?" he asked.

"Of course I do, sir."

"Then get off as quick as you can and ring me up as soon as you have talked to them."

SOME hours later, the A.O.C. sat in his office making a pretence of dispatching some routine work. He had bathed and shaved and changed his clothes after his all-night vigil, but his eyes looked tired. Every time the telephone rang, he reached for it eagerly. There was a number of calls, but so far none from Connelly to report upon his interview with the crew of "G" for George.

He was reading a rather dull report when the bell rang again. He picked up the receiver.

"This is Wing Commander Connelly, sir," came over the wire.

"Yes, Connelly, what news have you got?"

"It's as we thought, sir," Connelly answered. "Harris, one of the air gunners, is in the best shape, though they're all suffering from exposure. I got most of the story from him. They had a bad time in the dinghy—very rough sea and bitterly cold. I don't think they could have lasted much longer, but all three of them said they had a feeling that they were going to be rescued and didn't worry much on that score. It was only the wet and the cold and the buffeting which got them down a bit. Most of the emergency kit was lost when the dinghy overturned, soon after they got into it. They had great difficulty in getting it righted and Langley back in. He had had a bad crack on the head when they ditched and a broken leg, too. He died about two hours after the crash.

"Tell me about the crash," said the A.O.C.

"Well, Williams, the flight engineer says that everything was normal on the patrol until they had been about an hour on their way back to base. Then the oil pressure dropped suddenly to nil on the port outer engine. He thinks it must have been a fractured pipe. He reported to the captain and they switched off the engine. He wasn't worried much as the other three were turning nicely. The captain told the wireless op. to break silence and report to base. Then all went quietly for about two hours. That checks up with the position of the dinghy when *Heartsease* found it. He watched the other engines carefully, but he says they all showed normal. Then suddenly, without warning, there was a fearful clatter in the other port engine and violent vibration, as though they'd lost the prop. The captain gave the order 'Ditching Stations' over the inter-com. and Williams is a bit vague after that.

"The tail gunner, Harris, says that when the clatter started, he heard the order 'Ditching Stations' and rushed to his place and lay down. They (*Continued on page 58*)

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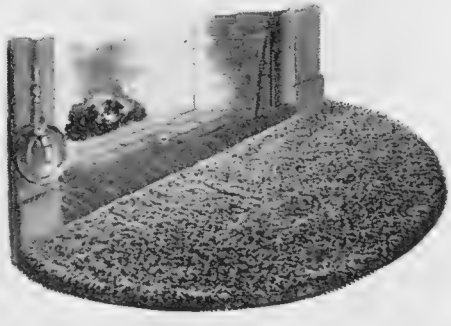

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were flying at about eight hundred feet, so there wasn't a lot of time. He says they hit with an almighty crash; there was a heavy sea running and it was as black as pitch. He was badly shaken, but not knocked out. As soon as the first shock was over and his eyes had got used to the dark, he found himself looking at the sky through the rear half of the fuselage. The front of the aircraft had gone and he and some others, whom he couldn't see at first, were lying in the tail portion. The water was swirling about the floor and they realized that they were sinking, too. A dinghy came floating by—must have floated out of the front part and inflated. He grabbed it and called to the others. They heard someone groaning. It was Langley, who couldn't move, so they dragged him into the dinghy. As soon as they got free from the wreckage, the tail part sank. They didn't see any signs of the forepart of the aircraft or of the rest of the crew. Later, as I said, the dinghy capsized, but they hung on and all got back."

"And Joyce?" asked the A.O.C.

"They never saw a sign of him from the moment he gave the order 'Ditching Stations.' He must have gone down in his seat when she broke her back. They searched around and waved a flash-lamp, but there wasn't a sign of anyone. You wouldn't have much chance in that sea, even if you did get clear."

There was a pause. Then Connelly said, "You know, sir, I've been thinking about that glimpse I saw of the inside of the aircraft. The only ones of the crew that I saw were the ones who were going to die. That was rather strange, wasn't it, sir?"

"Yes, it was. Perhaps that was really the beginning of Joyce's message and the telephone call gave us the rest. You see, he only mentioned three men in the dinghy, though we found four. But one of them had died —God rest his soul. He'll be glad to know we saved those three."

He paused a moment. Then he said:

"You know, Connelly, you often hear the phrase 'Faithful unto death,' but Joyce's idea of duty went beyond that, didn't it?"

END

In The "Lorna Doone" Country

(*Continued from page* 43)

scene at Martinhoe. It was as a result of this murder that the whole countryside arose in arms against them, descending on their abode and taking the whole gang into custody, where they received their deserts.

The legend of "Faggus and his Strawberry Horse" deals with a blacksmith turned gentleman-robber, who came from North Molten. Becoming another Robin Hood, he robbed the rich and gave to the poor. Many stories have been told concerning his enchanted strawberry horse that rescued him from all sorts of dangers. On one occasion a large party of farmers agreed to ride home together from Barnstaple Fair so that they should evade his attention, but it was of no use. He appeared with a cocked pistol in each hand at Brattondown and threatened them all with instant death if they did not deposit their pistols, and surrender their valuables. Later he was taken at the inn at Simonsbath, but at his whistle his horse broke down the stable door, rushed in, did severe damage to his master's captors with his flying hoofs and teeth, bearing Faggus off in triumph. He was eventually captured at an inn at Exbridge by a constable who was disguised as a beggar woman. Faggus was charged at Taunton and eventually hanged.

A visit to this lovely district might well begin at Minehead or Porlock. Between these two pretty spots is Selworthy Green, approached by a mile long avenue, leading to a sanctuary of seven old cottages round a beautiful lawn. These are actually almshouses built by the late Sir Thomas Dyke Acland. The old church, with its Peter Pence chest, priest's gallery, and angel roof, looks down on them, with Dunkerry's 1,708 feet rising, heather clad, in the distance.

Allerford's well known pack-horse bridge is but a mile away, and leads to hidden Bossington—thatched cottages nestling between the hills of Porlock Bay. A tiny church, adjoining a farmhouse, is at Lynch, the chapel of ease to Selworthy, formerly used as a barn, but now restored to its original purpose. Past Porlock (it was on his way home from Porlock market John Ridd's father was killed by the Doones) up the once-test hill, a climb of 1,200 feet, and we are on the moor.

Inland is a steep descent to Oare, whose church forms the background for such an important scene in *Lorna Doone*. Although the medieval nave and chancel of the tiny church have been lengthened since those days, 250 years ago, one can imagine the wedding of Lorna Doone and girt Jan Ridd: "Her eyes told me such a depth of comfort—that I was almost amazed—darling eyes—the most loving eyes—the sound of a shot rang through the church and those eyes were filled with death. Lorna fell across my knees when I was going to kiss her, as the bridegroom is allowed to do, and encouraged, if he needs it; a flood of blood came out upon the yellow wood of the altar steps, and at my feet lay Lorna trying to tell me some last message out of the beautiful eyes. . . . It was Whit Tuesday and the lilacs all in bloom . . . then I laid down my wife . . . and went forth for my revenge. . . ."

Even now the parish notices are signed by "John Ridd churchwarden." There is a tablet on the wall in memory of R. D. Blackmore, overlooking the font in which we may assume John Ridd was baptized, as his family served as churchwardens for generations.

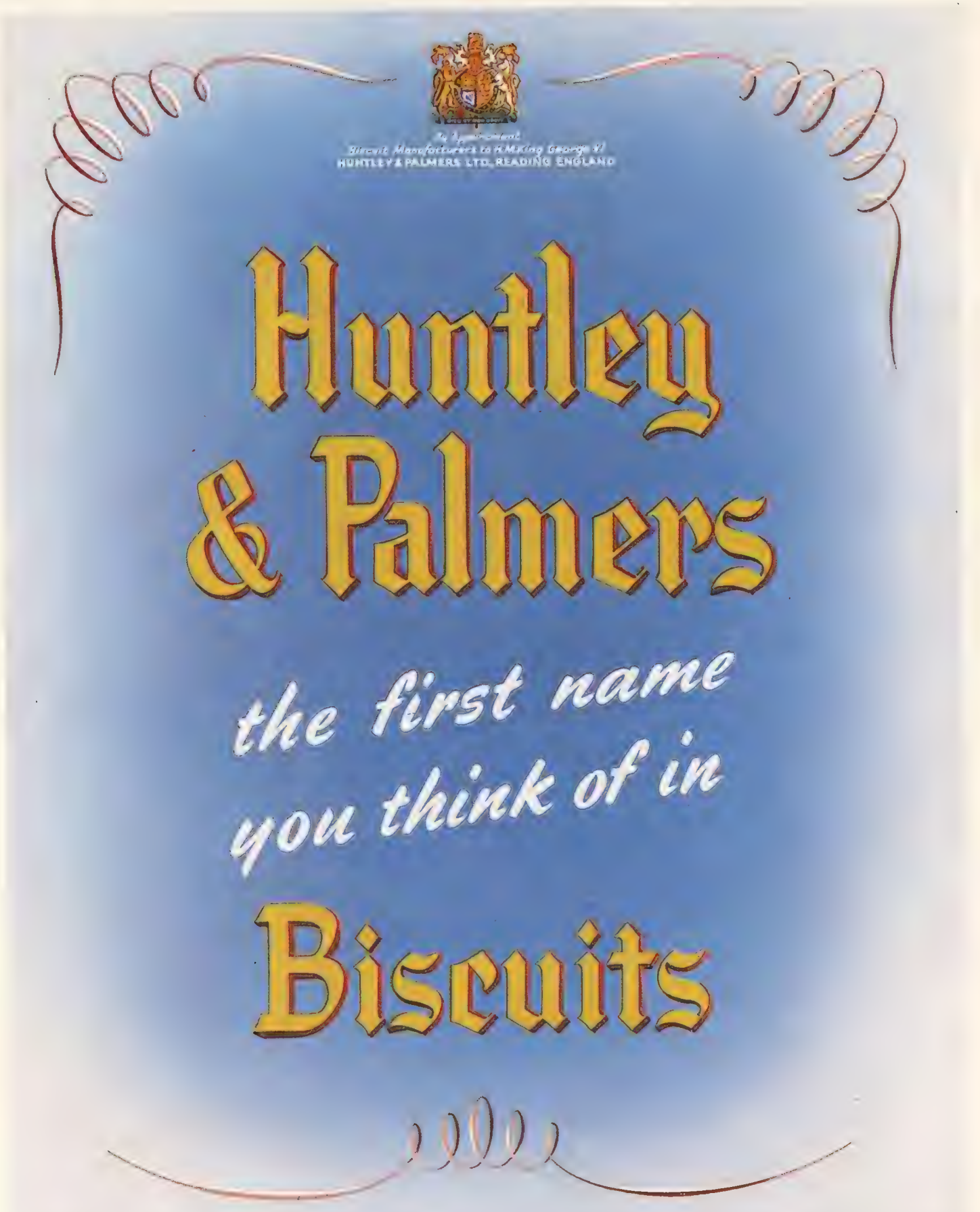
The lane past the church leads to Oareford, "Plovers Barrows" in the book, the farm where Jan Ridd lived; it then becomes a track up the valley. Here Chalk Water and Weir Water meet at a little stone bridge and become Oare Water. On the other side of the church the road continues to the narrow old stone bridge at Malmstead where "about two miles below our farm the Bagworthy water runs into the Lyn and makes a real river of it" John Ridd describes it to Lorna. This Bagworthy stream (as it is now spelt) runs through the Doone Valley, but it is not quite the awe-inspiring place that Blackmore made it. Actually a beautiful little vale, it is practically the only place he described different from the original.

Much of this district has been acquired by the National Trust. Beyond Watersmeet, also happily in its care, and over the wilder stretch of Exmoor to Simonsbath, a little distance westwards is Challacombe village. It has been traced that there were children registered here of the name of John Ridd in the years 1675 and 1729, so there certainly is foundation of Blackmore's girt Jan Ridd.

Towards Exford is the bog called Cloven Rocks where Carver Doone met his death after his flight from Oare Church. Exford, the H.Q. of the Devon and Somerset Foxhounds, has more associations with Faggus; southwards is Tarr Steps, a bridge over the River Barle. This is actually a prehistoric monument and one of the most interesting bridges in England. The slabs are about 7 by 4 feet, the total length is 180 feet; they lie about 3 feet above water, and there is no cement in the whole structure. During one of the wartime winters the rising waters swept some of these huge slabs away, but it is hoped to replace them in their original position again. Legend attributes the building of it to Satan.

Other places Blackmore used as scenes may be quickly mentioned; Taunton with thoughts of Jeffreys and the Bloody Assize at the castle; Sedgemoor battlefield, through the melee of which Jan Ridd rode; the events of 1685 are brought into the romance very skilfully . . . but after all, it is probably in tiny Oare Church that one comes nearest the spirit of *Lorna Doone*.

END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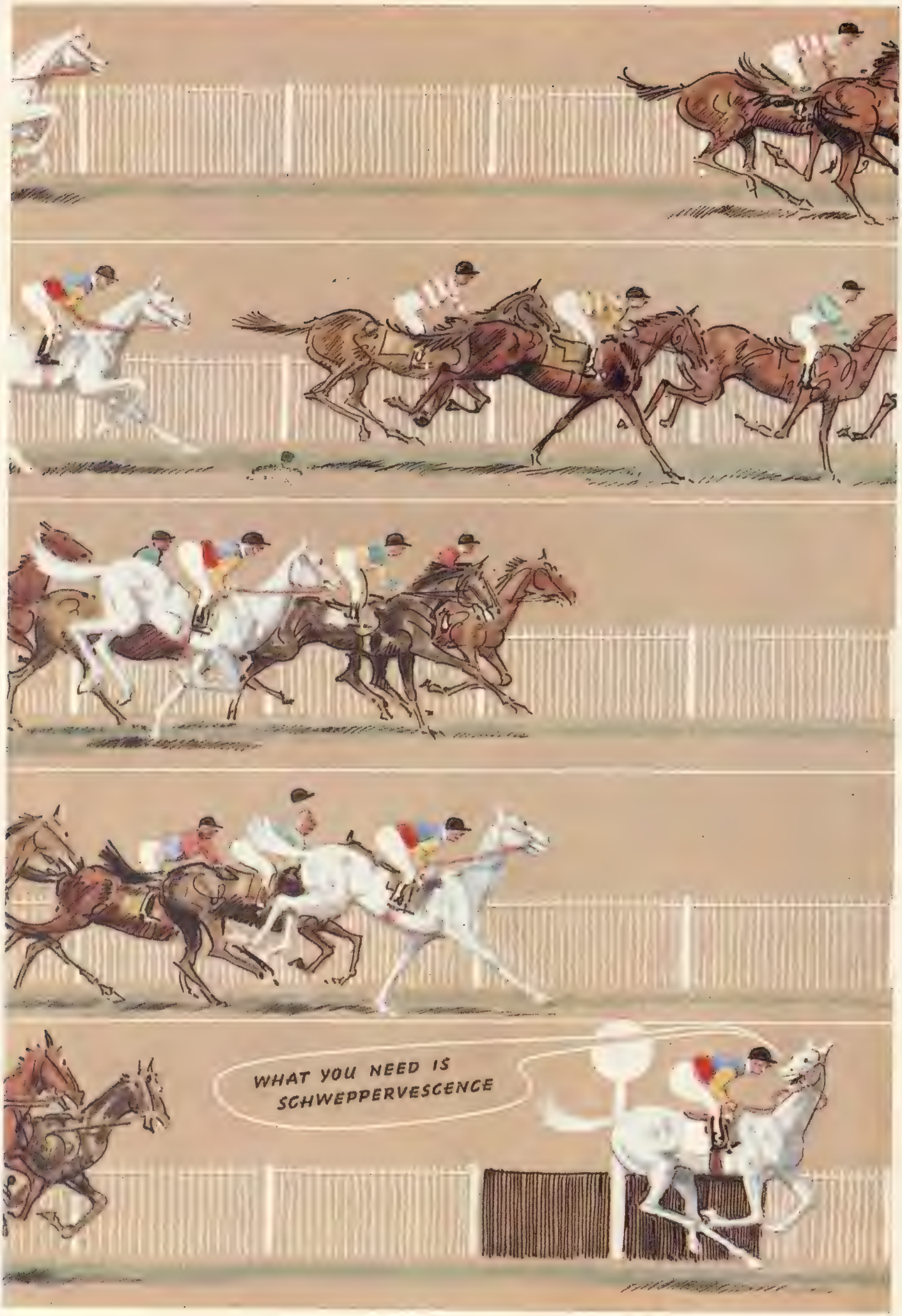
WHAT YOU NEED IS
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The First Englishmen in India

(*Continued from page 13*)

the refusal to kill a single thing, the hospitals for dogs, cats and birds, and cow worship, one manifestation of which was marrying by holding the tail. Such were the first impressions of *almost* the first men from England. For no sooner were they in Goa prison than they were visited by Father Stevens, a Jesuit born in Dorset, who seems to have arrived in this island off India around 1576.

"The Portugals" were obviously intent on stopping the English intruders who were now also held as hostages for Francis Drake who had dared to fire on Portuguese property two years before. It was all that Father Stevens could do, to get their lives spared. Eventually they were let out on bail. All their goods and money, save what could be secreted on their persons, had gone. In fact the outlook was so dim that Story, the painter, succumbed to the blandishments of the society and entered the Monastery of St. Paul. Newbery, Fitch and Leedes refused to become Jesuits, though every effort was made to win them on account of their double value as travellers and merchants. Instead the three decided to make a bolt—into unknown India.

On April 5, 1585, "we ran from Goa, early morning, and being set over the river we went two days on foot, not without fear; not knowing the way nor having any guide; for we durst trust none." So started an adventure the like of which, in Fitch's case, can never have been equalled. Incidentally, the decamping had the effect of causing Story, the painter, to throw up his sudden vocation, open a shop without the cloister, and marry a half-caste's daughter, "so that he made his account to stay there while he lived." Thus we have already lost two of our original company: Eldred and Story.

The three remaining companions had to be careful. Tanned, dirty and hirsute, they duly were in the Indian manner. They also wore native costume or lack of it. But only one, Newbery, had Arabic, so the other two had to affect a tongue-tied obtuseness as they passed successively through Belgaun, Balipur, Burhanpur and Golconda, wondering all the time at "the great store of diamonds, sapphires and rubies, gold and silver." The fugitives had conceived the notion of visiting Akbar himself, the Great Mogul, at his court at Fatehpur, above Agra.

One is entitled to set down Master Fitch as the leading spirit of this enterprise. Newbery was the seasoned and pre-occupied merchant who contrived to get letters through to Eldred and England. In a moment we shall see what lay in his mind. Of Leedes, the jeweller, nothing is known. But of Fitch a deal is known, and he was the sunny, buoyant adventurer, cool, bold and hardened. Akbar clearly lay in his audacious path.

The fugitives—and by this time Philip himself was after them—made their obeisance to the Great Mogul four months after absconding from Goa, four months of merciless heat, dodging up through India, and things went well with them from the start—thanks to Leedes. A jeweller from unknown parts was the very kind of person to please Akbar in his castle or palace round which he kept "a thousand elephants, 30,000 horses, 1,400 tame deer, 800 concubines, and such store of tigers, buffles, cocks and hawks that is very strange to see."

Soon Leedes was working hard on wondrous stones and Akbar made an offer of permanent employment. The Englishman should have a house, five slaves, a horse, 6s. a day, and the right to seven wives. The deal was done and then they were only two—and not for long either, for on September 28, 1585, Newbery struck out alone for Lahore. He said he would try to reach England via Persia and Constantinople and made a date with Fitch in two years' time in Bengal; but that was the last that was ever heard of him.

The rest is all Master Fitch, though to say so is not to belittle the influence which his companions must have exercised: the painter at Goa, the jeweller at Agra, and the merchant at Lahore, or wherever Newbery got to before he died. Coming from an unknown land at such a time, they were true pioneers, and that they were "on the run" from no less a one than pre-Armada Philip, adds to their stature.

FOR the next four years and more Ralph Fitch wandered and voyaged at large and alone about India and the Indian seas. He went where no Englishman had ever been before—to Burma. He did this under his own steam, as we should say, although often helped by the currency being almonds. Still, he had to go about disguised, chiefly in order to hide his lack of Arabic or any other local tongue or dialect. The narrow shaves, adventures and escapes he must have had, may be guessed. But he never wrote about them and of course it's a pity. His reports which later had all London by the ears, were restrained and quite impersonal. Instead he filled them with full details of the markets he came across, what was being bought and sold here, there and everywhere; and with facts of Indian life up till then unknown in England.

His were the first authenticated accounts of suttee, of child marriage, of beggars kept as privileged members of society, of Hindu ritual and Brahman priestcraft, of astonishing care of birds and beasts, of wealth and riches beyond the dreams of avarice, of exotic drugs and spices, of customs at the courts of kings, of cures and burnings at Benares. Master Fitch was a first-rate reporter who stuck to his last which wasn't writing about Fitch; a pity, as I say, but more valuable at the time.

Lightly he writes that, on leaving Agra, he spent five months going down the Jumna and the Ganges with a sailing convoy bound for Serrepore whence, after a visit up to Kuch Behar, he set off on the greatest adventure of all—in a ship down to Arakan and on to what is now Rangoon and so up to the Kingdom of Pegu, then a separate state from Burma although situated only fifty miles inland from Rangoon. His report on Burma broke entirely new ground and one wonders why there has never been at least a Fitch Hotel to match Raffles's farther east!

The high-light of these unique one-man years as a result of which Fitch put all kinds of places more exactly, or for the first time, on the map of that day, was the visit to Pegu, "a city very great and fair" split into two towns, the old and the new, in the latter of which our traveller found the King of the White Elephants. Master Ralph then proceeded up country for Ava and Mandalay, and thence into Siam, and afterwards down the coastal waters to Malacca.

And so back to the Hoogli and down to Ceylon by sea and up—of all places—to Goa again, Goa where Philip had ordered his immediate arrest.

It takes two lines to say that here, but it took two years, and it so happened that in those two years the power of Philip had been broken on the seas. Fitch, however, didn't know about the Armada and got out of Goa as quickly as he could find a ship to take him up the way he had come with his friends so long ago.

Hormuz, Basra, Aleppo, Tripoli "where finding English shipping I came with a prosperous voyage to London, where by God's assistance I safely arrived April 29, 1591, having been eight years out of my native country."

Eight more years were to elapse before Elizabeth took action considerably on Master Fitch's first-hand evidence. The last ever known of him, he is apparently setting off again for the Court of the Great Moghul, in 1606. The only known grave of the original five is Eldred's at Great Saxham, Suffolk.

END

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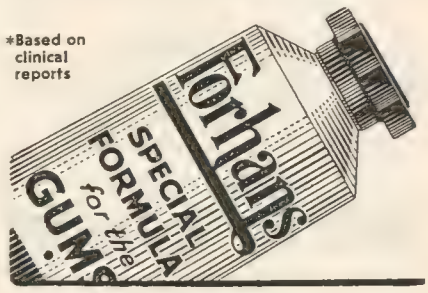

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The Crocodile's Tooth

(*Continued from page 28*)

everywhere," grumbled de Winter, as several eggs were produced from his pockets. He drew back a little, trying to extricate himself; but there seemed to be people all round him. There was much excited chattering and laughter, then a slight scream from Lady Diana as a small snake was taken from her beaded handbag.

"Let's get out of this," de Winter whispered. Somehow, they escaped.

"Sorry you didn't like it," she said. "You must admit it's a great success. It's ruined the remainder of the evening for Mrs. Fitz-John! If only she'd had him last week at her party!"

De Winter made no reply. His hand slipped to an inner pocket. Then his face cleared. "I'm always a bit concerned when light fingers approach my wallet," he confessed. "I've met magic-men before. They're all crooks."

"Gracious!" cried Lady Diana. She stopped to look into her handbag. Then: "You're just trying to frighten me," she accused.

"Nothing of the . . ." de Winter broke off suddenly and took her tightly by the arm. "Who's that man?" he whispered.

She half-turned. There was a fair-haired, broad-shouldered man crossing the path behind them. He moved slowly. The aroma of his cigar drifted towards them.

"Never seen him before," she said. "Robert must have invited him. Oh! But that's odd! Robert told me he wasn't inviting any new people—only those who come year after year."

De Winter was staring along the now-empty path. "I've noticed him before to-night," he said. "He doesn't seem to talk to a soul. Keeps in the background and behaves rather as though he's shadowing somebody. Only he doesn't seem to be watching anybody in particular."

Lady Diana's eyes sparkled. This party really was gorgeous fun! First the triumph of the *gully-gully* man. And now a mysterious guest.

"Come along," she said. "We'll have a word with Barton."

"What's your husband's secretary to do with it? Did he send out the invitations?"

"No. Robert had some sort of a fad, talked vaguely of possible gate-crashers. He instructed Barton to check invitations at the door."

They intercepted Barton as he was taking some requests to the orchestra. He was a middle-aged man, bald, with a lined face. Shrewd eyes, de Winter thought.

"I suggest we go back to the hall," Barton said, when Lady Diana had given him a slightly embellished version of the incident of the strange guest. "All the cards are there." He hesitated. "I think I remember now, Lady Diana. Sir Robert had signed his name on the back of the card. The name on the invitation was—yes—Charles Mount. That, by the way, was not in Sir Robert's handwriting."

Lady Diana wrinkled her brows.

"Thank you, Barton," she said. "I remember now."

He hurried away, and de Winter said: "Sorry I raised a false alarm."

"You didn't," she assured him. "I feel convinced that the mysterious Mr. Mount is not one of Robert's friends. But I shall ask him about it—just in case. He can be terribly absent-minded." Her eyes sparkled. "And if he isn't a genuine guest we'll have a dramatic exposure later on. If that doesn't make my party an outstanding success. . . ."

AS the hour became late, the veranda became more crowded. Lady Diana, to her secret annoyance, found herself separated from de Winter—who had joined a small group around her husband. But she consoled herself with the reflection that it must have been obvious to everybody how she had monopolized the explorer.

Servants insinuated themselves with difficulty, bearing trays miraculously packed with coffee cups. De Winter, with a smile, assisted the Dongalowi servant who approached them.

"Black for you, McAllister?" he asked. "Turkish for you, I suppose, Hamid Pasha?"

The servant moved on. Conversation was resumed. McAllister was expounding his theory of an increasingly barren Africa by citing the desiccation of Lake Chad, when there was a sudden cry of alarm from Hamid Pasha. With unsteady hands he turned up his cup, flooding the saucer with coffee and the thick dregs. But there was something else—something solid. A little of it which was uncovered showed as a white gleam.

De Winter was the first one to act. He reached forward swiftly and picked it up. He rubbed it between his fingers.

"My God!" he cried. "It's a tooth—a crocodile tooth! Only a small one—but that's what it is, right enough."

Hamid Pasha swayed, and then leaned upon Sir Robert. A greyish tinge spread over his face and, for a moment, he closed his eyes. His lips moved and he murmured something. Sir Robert could only catch one world: "Set."

McAllister must have heard it, too, for he said suddenly: "The League of Set." He raised his voice. "Dr. Neill—come quickly." A thin, lantern-jawed man pushed his way through and came to McAlister's side.

"Hamid Pasha may have been poisoned," McAllister whispered. "If so—it was in this."

The doctor looked intently at the Egyptian, felt his pulse and then turned his attention to the contents of the saucer. He sniffed at it. Tasted a little by dipping a finger in. Then he shook his head. "Can't detect anything," he said.

"Let's go to my study," said Sir Robert. He searched the group of guests, and called: "Mr. Mount, you'd better come along as well."

"Mount?" said de Winter. "Who's he?"

"A private detective I engaged," said Sir Robert softly.

Then they moved away to the study. A quarter of an hour later Dr. Neill announced that he was satisfied that Hamid Pasha had not been poisoned; but he advised him to go home immediately.

HERVEY PRICE hadn't expected to be invited to the small meeting which took place in the Chief's office. As he sat there, waiting for things to start, he wondered if he had Creed to thank for it.

"Creed's late," said the Chief. Mildly; showing unexpected patience. And at that moment the door opened and Creed came in. He looked around slowly, almost lazily. Price was puzzled. This was not the Creed of the hotel—except in outward appearance. He'd retained the impression of a big, awkward man who was quiet and retiring. This Creed was a sombre, powerful figure who dominated everybody. He moved across to the table, ignoring the vacant chair.

"Good work, Creed," said the Chief. "You can guess that we want to know all about it."

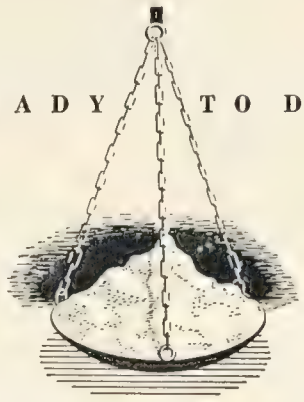
Thoughtfully, Creed said: "There isn't much to tell. Tewfik Bey of the Cairo police helped me by showing me some of the crocodile teeth left—as a sort of visiting card—by these League of Set people. Rather small teeth."

"Go on," the Chief encouraged.

"Deduction. The murder of Hamid Pasha would be the biggest achievement of the League to date. Therefore, they'd acknowledge it as their work. So a tooth would be left. Your information was that they would employ a European agent. That being the case, the agent would not run much risk of being arrested on a murder charge. I felt that such direct methods as a revolver or a knife could be ruled out. Poison seemed the obvious thing. Assisted by an old friend, I made a few preparations." He gave an unexpected smile. "You must have worried Sir Robert. He didn't know what was in the wind; but he took the precaution of hiring a detective—Charles Mount. Poor devil looked like a fish out of water most of the time—obviously hadn't any

(*Continued on page 64*)

READY TO DYE



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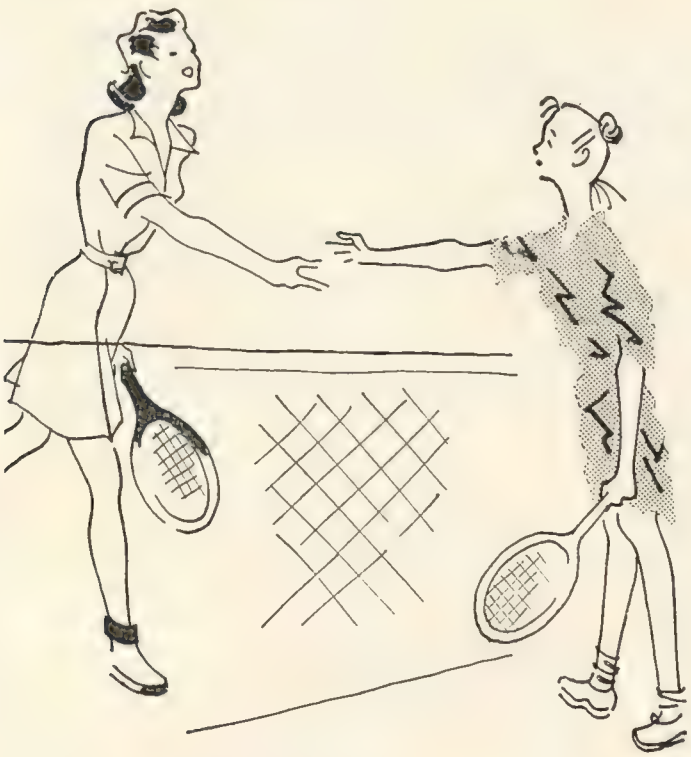

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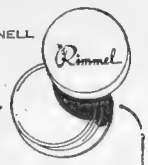

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idea of who—or what—he was supposed to be guarding. Incidentally, Mount holds what he believes to be the evidence in the case. It isn't."

Creed fumbled in his pocket and slowly placed a small tooth on the table.

"This is the evidence," he said. "Crocodile tooth—hollowed. Contains cyanide, with a thin wax seal. Dropped in a hot drink, the seal melts, freeing the poison."

"How the devil did you guess that?"

"I didn't. I regarded it as a possibility. But when it was the only unusual object the agent was carrying, it meant that my suspicions were confirmed. I was ready for it—and replaced it with a harmless crocodile tooth. Neat idea, combining the murder weapon and visiting card."

"Then who was the agent?" the Chief asked.

"Man named de Winter. Incidentally, he's in need of funds in order to finance a gold-getting expedition. And there are some strange tales in circulation about de Winter. You'll be able to check those, no doubt. When coffee was being served, de Winter passed a cup to Hamid Pasha, dropping the tooth in. Afterwards, he was the first to pick it up—and so eliminated any

The Crocodile's Tooth

fingerprint possibilities. I doubt if we can prove all that—but, anyway, you don't want the scandal."

The Chief nodded his head slowly.

"Better that way," he said. "I think we can contrive for him to leave the country. But, Creed, you haven't explained how you discovered that he was the agent of the League."

"I didn't know who it would be," Creed confessed. "It wasn't until I discovered the crocodile tooth in his pocket—ready for use—that I felt reasonably sure."

"But how did you manage to search him?"

Creed gave a slow smile. He leaned across the table and reached out an arm. His fingers ran down the lapel of the Chief's coat. They came away quickly.

The Chief gasped. There on the table before him reposed a duck egg.

"*Gully-gully*," murmured Creed. He moved towards the door. Then, seeming to change his mind, he came back. "Permit me to return your pocket-book, sir," he said with exaggerated politeness.

END

Immobilized

(*Continued from page* 32)

It was hateful to see her so worried. But he knew that a woman, particularly a widow, has to be very careful of her reputation. It is curious how these old ideas persist among nice people like Major Burrows.

"Of course, I know it isn't *your* fault," she said, just as if she had known what he was thinking about.

A most damnable position for Major Burrows to be in.

A silence.

The firelight threw shadows under her eyes . . . or were they her lashes, as she looked down at the leaping flames? He was uncertain on the point.

It was the Major who broke that silence.

"Will you marry me, Mrs. Stenning?" he asked.

She looked up at him sharply, and almost as sharply back to the fire. For moments she did not reply.

"I do love you," she said, so quietly that he only just caught the words. "I suppose you knew that? Try as one will, a woman cannot always hide her feelings. But——"

"Yes?" he urged. Urged, mark you!

"I don't know. I feel that this maddening accident has, perhaps, made you act precipitously."

"No," he protested, for no man likes to be accused of acting precipitously. "I . . . hang it all, why not?"

This was a difficult question to answer, and very wisely, she did not attempt to do so.

"I've never looked upon myself as a marrying man," he went on. "You know, sitting there in the firelight, you do look most extraordinarily pretty."

"If you are quite sure, Robert——"

"Sure!" he exclaimed.

Just after breakfast the following morning the Ropers arrived in a hired car. Mrs. Roper had obviously got over her indisposition and was very relieved to find her friend safe. The chauffeur explained what had happened at length and with eloquent gesticulation.

"It was done . . . deliberately . . . by someone," Mrs. Roper said, after considering the matter.

"I'm so sorry that it should have happened to your car," the Major said.

"That doesn't matter," said Roper in his cheery way. "What about a drink? Aristide," he went on to the chauffeur, "you'd better take this car and get some gas."

"We'll have a drink when I've powdered my nose," said Mrs. Roper. "Come on, Mary."

The two women went into the hotel.

"My! What an experience for you!" said the American.

"It was rather," said Mary. "But a very happy one!"

"Meaning?" demanded Mrs. Roper.

"Robert asked me to marry him."

"That's the most sensible thing I've heard about him so far," said the impulsive American. "And what did you say?"

"'Yes, please'—or words to that effect," laughed Mary Stenning.

"It's an ill wind," said Mrs. Roper solemnly.

"I wonder who on earth could have played that trick on us?"

Mrs. Roper smiled. "I wonder," she echoed, but in a very different tone, indeed in a tone which left no doubt at all as to her meaning.

The eyes of the two women met and slowly Mary Stenning's features relaxed into a smile as well: "I rather suspected that you were at the bottom of it," she said. "You're a dear."

"I'm quite certain you'll be very happy, Mary," Mrs. Roper said in an earnest tone. "And so will the Major."

And since Mary Stenning was a very intelligent woman, and very fond of her Major, Mrs. Roper was probably right.

END

In Search Of Glamour

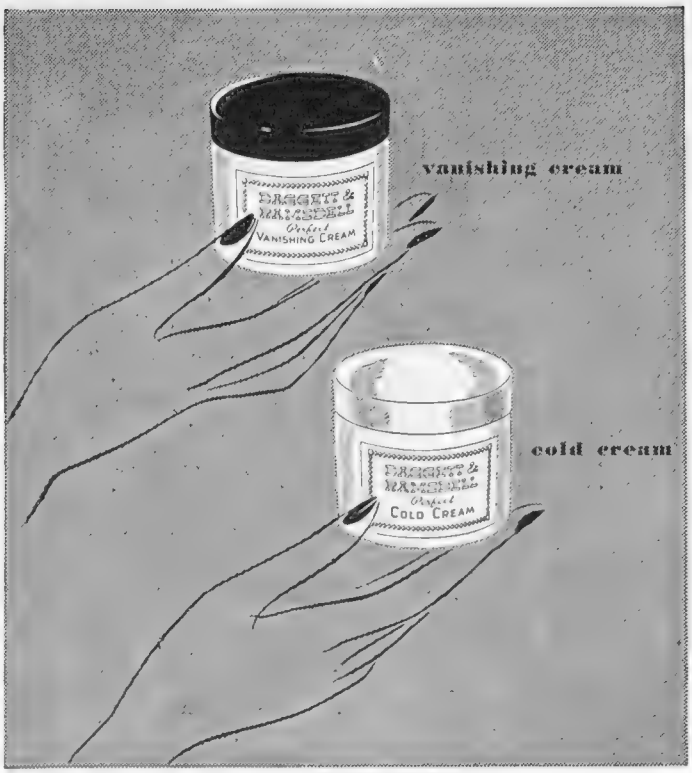
(*Continued from page* 41)

luxurious leg make-up, use pancake in one of the dark summer tan shades.

FOR the super-sensitive skin, which needs to be fussed over, petted and pampered, there is a new range of creams and lotions called Dr. D's. The night cream is called Dusk. It is one of the softest and most comforting massage creams I have ever used, and it is easy to use for neck massage as well as face massage. Dawn is the name of the foundation cream, and is more suitable for the dry sensitive complexion than for the oily skin. It would also make an excellent weather cream. Then there is a complexion milk which can also be used as a powder foundation or to dab on the skin after exposure to sun, wind or sea air.

THE newest rose lipstick is Grossmith's Blue Rose, which is a really excellent lip stick for women who want a natural make-up. The success of this colour has been quite phenomenal and the lipstick is now being distributed to over ten thousand chemists, perfumiers and departmental stores. The case is a pink-gold metal and the texture of the lipstick will help to keep the lips soft and in good condition. The price is 7s. 6d., and the refill 2s. 6d. The other shades available include: Rosebud, Flame, Glow Red, Red Rose, Peony, Cyclamen and Copper Rose.

END



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★ *Look for the name Hershelle on the label*

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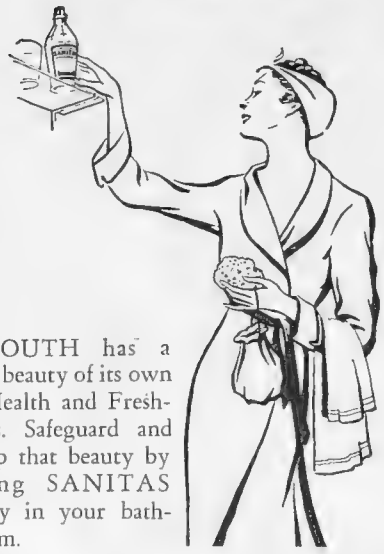

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Books (*Continued from page 29*)

William Sansom's "Westminster in War" (Faber, 12s. 6d.), a detailed, illustrated record of the City of Westminster's ordeals and wounds in that calamitous "winter of our discontent." How pitiable it now seems! All that waste, destruction, suffering—and for what? That twentieth-century man may stand up to his God and say: *Behold my works, O Lord?* A sad tale, if ever there was one, redeemed only by the defenders' heroism and fortitude.

"GROWING old gracefully" is not Lady Helena Archer's mission in Miss Pamela Hansford-Johnson's novel **"An Avenue of Stone"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). This widow of sixty-eight, once "a fine handsome termagent, hair dyed a fantastic yellow above her dark and burning face, tongue rough as pumice-stone and tart as a lemon," is out to beat time and have a final fling by "mothering" a young waster who served in the army with her stepson, the narrator of the story, and eventually sidetracks her to marry a younger woman. An expert study of character with subtle sidelights such as: "The less we love people we passionately desire to love, the more we recite to ourselves the tale of their virtues."

A DAME as different as cider, scalded cream and saffron cake from henna is Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Mrs. Appleby in **"There Was an Old Woman"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), who composes herself at eighty-plus to write the story of her life, family and friends in the Devon hamlet of Beesworthy. "I've never met man or woman in my life who was all saint or sinner," she says. "Just good and bad mixed in different proportions . . ." And this philosophy gives point to a plain, homely tale of the country folk Mr. Phillpotts knows so well.

WHAT is a man to do who is missing, presumed dead, after Dunkirk, and returns from work in the French Resistance to find his wife married to his brother? Fade in again, a disrupting ghost, or fade out, go back to France, start a new life as a Frenchman, and marry a Frenchwoman who brings him comfort, love, forgetfulness? Resolving the problem in **"Honour's a Mistress"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.), Miss Naomi Jacob takes us through some thrilling Resistance exploits and emotional drama.

STUDIES of childhood are not easy, but Miss Dorothy Langley has, I think, the right touch in a U.S. story of a girl of nine, living with an aunt and grannie, who finds that there is a streak of insanity in the family and the one who means most to her is a drug addict. How little Marcy finds spiritual release in poetry from the tragic loss of the aunt in a fire is told with much beauty in Miss Dorothy Langley's quiet, delicate, sensitive story: **"Dark Medallion"** (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.).

IMAGINE! You take a job as secretary to a U.S. industrial chief, and adjoining your office is a pale lemon "leisure room," soft and restful, with easy chairs and ottomans, Japanese water colours, magazines, and yellow lilies floating in a blue bowl and he tells you: "This is where you're to come when you want to throw your typewriter at me." Every English girl-secretary's mouth will water when she reads of Alex and her young boss Mason McGowan in Miss Gale Wilhelm's **"Never Let Me Go"** (Chapman and Hall, 8s. 6d.) despite the conflicts with a narrow, possessive mother. The answer to the title is: he doesn't. . . .

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers:

NOVELS

"Will o' the Wisp," by Baroness Orczy (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Macalastair Looks On,"** by Alexandra Dick (Hurst & Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Fading Into Murder,"** by Samuel Holmes (John Langdon, 8s. 6d.); **"Appointment in July,"** by Sonia Deane (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"The Three Isles,"** by Roby Spence (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Gown and Shroud,"** by Kathleen Freeman (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Soldier and the Ladies,"** by May Edginton (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Country Mouse,"** by Louise Andrews Kent (Harrap, 8s. 6d.); **"Maiden Stakes,"** by Diana Rolfe (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Sage Quarter,"** by Bernice Kelly Harris (Art and Educational Publishers, 10s. 6d.); **"The Lady From Venus,"** by Garnett Radcliffe (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"Exile,"** by Kathleen Graves (Earl, 8s. 6d.); **"Storm Tide,"** by Elisabeth Ogilvie (Harrap, 10s. 6d.); **"The Eagle Lies Bleeding,"** by Elizabeth M. Hunt (Earl, 9s. 6d.); **"The Age-old Kingdom,"** by "Sinbad" (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"Eric Allen's Broadcast Stories" (Rich and Cowan, 9s. 6d.); **"Mufti of Jerusalem,"** by Maurice Pearlman (Gollancz, 6s.); **"The Road to Wimbledon,"** by Alice Marble (Allen, 8s. 6d.); **"Come Into the Garden,"** by C. W. Wilman (Hollis & Carter, 7s. 6d.); **"Sadler's Wells Ballet at Covent Garden,"** by Merlyn Severn (John Lane, 21s.); **"Judy's Cookery Book,"** by Muriel Goaman (Faber & Faber, 4s. 6d.); **"He Was Like a Continent,"** by Philippa Burrell (Adam Press, 7s. 6d.); **"Montgomery—His Life in Pictures,"** by Victor Musgrave (Sagall Press, 30s.); **"Reflections of a Quiet Mind,"** by Arthur Linecar (Earl, 7s. 6d.).

END

Victorian Secrets (*Continued from page 25*)

much perseverence and not a little suffering to produce. When the struggles were over and the laces securely tied she would sit at her mirror while her hair was brushed. Dressed into soft waves at the sides, the back hair was disposed in full bands wreathed with pearls.

Soon she would be ready to be helped into the rest of her undies. Her corset, we have seen, did not extend over her hips for these had to appear as broad as possible. To this end two small pads of horsehair were tied round her waist with tapes. This horsehair was the "crin" from which the word crinoline was to be coined in the 1850s when the pads and petticoats were replaced by a light steel framework. But of this our young lady knew nothing. Her skirts were still supported by her petticoats, each hanging from the waist and tied on with tapes. Never less than four and often as many as eight were worn, the under ones of linen and flannel (red!) and the outer ones of satin, silk or taffeta.

Finally, with great care, her taffeta evening frock would be put on, fastened maybe with the newly invented metal hooks and eyes. Bracelet, gloves and a painted fan would complete her toilette.

For travelling she would wear a long pelisse robe, possibly as that shown in the other plate, coming high up to the throat, closely fitting and trimmed with an embroidery of vine leaves. The skirt, being long and very wide, would be looped up on one side by a new invention called a *page*. With a light yellow straw bonnet wreathed with damask roses she would be well protected against inclement weather, whilst her accompanying chaperone would protect her from harm of a more subtle nature as she danced quadrille and waltz by candlelight.

How Miss 1846 would have blushed with shame to know that her boudoir secrets would have excited our interest today, a hundred years later. Let us take leave of her as, pretty and demure, flushed with excitement, she prepared to retire after her evening party. As she slips between the sheets her maid brings her cotton gloves, a linen face mask and a ——. But no, surely we have learned enough! May we not be generous and let her keep just one secret to herself?

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brown
gravy

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Makers of YORKSHIRE RELISH

It's Good-it's Goodall's

16A

Lace Wool Cami-Knickers

(Continued from page 36)

MAKE BUTTONHOLES

Work 3, cast off 4, work 4, cast off 5, work 4, cast off 4. Work 3.

Next row.—Cast on the sts. cast off in the last row.

Rib until 2½ ins. from the cast on edge. Continue as for the front.

EDGINGS

With No. 12 needles cast on 29 sts. Work in the following pattern :

1st row.—K. 3, * k. 2 tog. twice (m. 1, k. 1) 3 times, m. 1, k. 2 tog. twice. Repeat from * to the last 3 sts., k. 3.

2nd row.—K. 3. Purl to the last 3 sts., k. 3.

3rd and 4th rows.—Knit.

Work 2 pieces to go across the top, both back and front of Step Ins.

Work 2 pieces to go round each lower edge of leg, BUT cast on 17 sts. for the leg edges.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side seams. Sew on edgings. Press all seams. Sew on ribbon for shoulder straps. Thread ribbon through holes at the waist.

Knitted Polka-Dot Pull-Over

(Continued from page 36)

Work 48 sts. place the remaining 48 sts. on a spare needle.

Work on the first set of 48 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next neck edge row, continue for 1 in. casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 48 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the first set of 48 sts.

THE FRONT

Work as for the back until after armhole shaping (96 sts.). Work until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 42 sts., cast off 12 sts., work 42 sts. Work on these last set of 42 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time decreasing by casting off 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 42 sts. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with the first set of 42 sts.

SLEEVES

With main colour wool and No. 12 needles, cast on 76 sts. Rib 1 inch in k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and main pattern. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 4th row following until 96 sts. and sleeve measures 6 ins. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every row until 46 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With main colour and No. 12 needles, cast on 130 sts., rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder side and sleeves seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neckband. With a No. 12 crochet hook work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of the back opening. Work button loops on the right hand side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons to the left hand side of back opening.

MAKE MILK A TREAT

Do you experience difficulty in getting the children to take their milk? Then serve Little Miss Muffet Junket. It's milk in a creamy, fruit-flavoured form—delicious enough for a party and digestible enough for the most delicate stomach. Being made from liquid rennet, you get the full value of the rennet enzyme which breaks up the heavy milk curd. No boiling is required. Busy mothers will welcome Little Miss Muffet Junket. It's made in a minute, set in ten.

4 Fruit Flavours—**Raspberry Orange · Lemon · Vanilla**

Little **MISS MUFFET JUNKETS**

Still only 7½d. for 3 pint-size Junkets.

Sole Distributors: Lewis A. May (Little Miss Muffet) Ltd., Cophall House, London, E.C.2. (12)

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571

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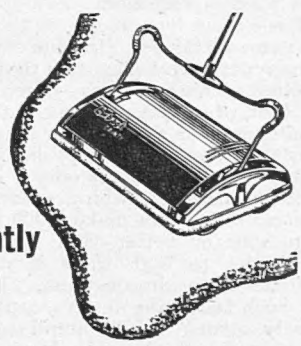

Ewbank
CARPET SWEEPER
Supplies are unfortunately still very limited

The Sky's The Limit (*Continued from page 15*)

short trip, say from London to New York, or New York to Los Angeles, the passengers will hardly have time to get used to these new experiences before the ship starts to slope off for a landing. Only two hours' flying time will be required to cross the Atlantic or the North American continent. And if you leave New York for the west coast, you'll arrive at your destination an hour before you left—on account of the difference in time.

ALL this may sound a little like Jules Verne, but if with you seeing is believing, you'll not have to wait too long to experience it for yourself. Jet engines have already been developed that are capable of flying at 1,500 miles an hour or faster. All that's holding up the super jet-liner right now is the development of suitable aeroplanes.

Nobody knows, just yet, how to make an aeroplane that can fly faster than the speed of sound, or what such jet planes will look like. The speed of sound is around 750 miles an hour, and it is important because it is the speed of the average molecule of the air. The atmosphere we breathe, live in, and fly through is composed of billions upon billions of these tiny molecules, each consisting of a couple of atoms each, flitting around and about us in all directions, at this enormous average speed of some twelve miles a minute.

When you move through the air at speeds less than that of sound, the molecules are moving faster than you are, so they can get out of your way, hence the value of those graceful streamline designs that are so useful in ordinary subsonic aeroplanes. However, when you approach the speed of sound, or exceed it, the molecules of the air are travelling slower than you are—and they can't get out of the way. At such speeds the air just piles up ahead like a haystack, and streamlining is useless. Supersonic speeds call for aeroplanes with thin, knife-edged wings, that can slash through the air; for fuselages that have long needle-pointed noses, able to puncture the compression wave ahead of the plane, as artillery shells or long-range rockets do.

The construction of such wings, and the development of suitable controls so the plane can be guided in flight, take quite a bit of doing. Until recently we didn't even have an adequate way of testing planes at such speeds, to see how they really act. Now a lot of research is going forward on this problem. The National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, for example, is making studies on speeds up to 1,000 miles an hour, and has developed a wind tunnel that will test model aeroplanes at simulated speeds up to 4,200 miles an hour, employing the gas used in refrigerators, freon, instead of air.

Probably the engineers will have to develop some new structural materials for aeroplanes before the faster-than-sound problem is really solved—something stronger than present steels, but lighter than aluminium or magnesium. Some designers expect combinations of plastics and metal may do the job—but here's room for some inventor to make quite a name for himself. In spite of the difficulties, many designers believe that the problem can be solved within five years—or ten at the outside.

But, of course, conquest of the air at 1,500 miles an hour may be only kindergarten stuff by the time it is accomplished. Fifteen hundred miles an hour is only a stepping stone for the designers who are already dreaming of craft that can make 3,000 to 5,000 miles an hour or better—and which can fly at altitudes so high there is no atmosphere whatever to impede them.

Such fast-flying devices, capable of making truly cosmic speeds, aren't so far away as you might think. The Nazis came mighty near to building them for the lethal purpose of transporting T.N.T. and maybe atomic bombs across the Atlantic. If the conflict had continued for another six to twelve months they might have done it.

Ships that fly as fast as this are not aeroplanes in the true sense—they are rockets. A jet plane is simply an aeroplane that happens to be driven by jet propulsion, but a rocket is something else again. It's a *projectile* driven by jet propulsion. The jet plane, like ordinary propeller-driven planes, depends on the lifting effect of air acting against its wings. The rocket doesn't depend on air at all. It flies through a curved course, or trajectory, like an artillery shell. The air is just an impediment and nuisance to a rocket except for landing, when it may put out wings and come down to earth as a sort of aeroplane or glider.

This trajectory kind of flight not only enables the rocket to fly very fast—but makes high speed absolutely essential. For the distance a rocket will fly in a given shot depends on the speed it can attain at what is known as the "cut-off point," early in the flight. If you know the speed of your rocket at its "cut-off" point—the point at which all its fuel is burned, it's rather easy to compute in round numbers how far it will go.

The biggest long-distance rockets built so far were the V2 "flying telegraph poles" shot by the Nazis from Holland into London in the last year of the war. These things weighed twelve tons each at the start of the flight, burned all of their fuel—eight tons of it—in about the first minute of firing, and coasted the rest of the way, more than 200 miles, on their momentum. They followed a high arc through the sky, reaching an altitude at one point of about seventy miles—or nearly out of the atmosphere. They reached a speed of more than a mile a second (3,600 miles an hour) at the fastest part of the flight, and covered the total distance from Holland to London in about six minutes.

What the Germans planned to do was to put small, sharp wings on their rockets, transforming them into gliders at the latter end of the flight. As gliders they could have come down gently—and what is more, would have flown from two to four times as far for the same expenditure of fuel. With such rockets the Nazi engineers were planning to bombard cities more than a thousand miles away, and with the aid of "booster" rockets, they expected to shoot them clear across the Atlantic.

Such projectiles can and must be guided entirely by automatic devices carried along inside them. Even if passengers and pilot are aboard, the steering will still have to be done automatically, except perhaps during the final stages of landing. For at speeds of miles per second, human reflexes are too slow to manage this kind of projectile. A second's indecision would cause the rocket to miss its intended destination by hundreds of miles. For this reason, passenger rockets will have to be fully equipped with non-hesitating, unemotional, confusion-proof brains of their own : complete robots which may indulgently carry human passengers along for the ride, but permit no interference with the works en route.

Will the passengers enjoy the experience? At this point, nobody can tell—but they'll surely find rocket-riding different from any other human experience.

In the beginning the journey may somewhat resemble a ride on a rollercoaster, as the rocket, hurled along its launching ramp by auxiliary rocket motors or electrical power, is hurled into the air. Its own motors will then take over, zooming the rocket nearly straight upward for ten or fifteen miles to clear the denser portions of the lower atmosphere.

During the acceleration period the rocket will be mostly going upward, away from the earth, but the passengers will fee as though they were going forward.

Two minutes later, however, when the full velocity of the rocket has been attained, everything will change. Now the motors will be shut down—gradually, for the sake of comfort. The rocket and everything in it, though still rising in the first half of the curved trajectory of its flight, will now be in a condition which physicists refer to as "free fall." The force of gravity will seem to be neutralized, so far as the contents of the rocket are concerned. The passengers, pressured a moment earlier with an apparent weight three times their normal burden, will now suddenly feel as though they had no weight at all.

Everything in the rocket that is not fastened down will float up into the air. The passengers will find that they cannot walk across the cabin floor—they would simply waft themselves toward the ceiling if they tried to take a step.

The rocket by this time will be entirely outside the atmosphere. A flight across the Atlantic, for example, will involve a maximum altitude of 500 miles or more. At best the earth's atmosphere extends only about 200 miles, so the rocket at this point will be a true "space ship" subjected to all of the known and unknown forces of that portion of the universe, many of which we do not even know about now. Long before passengers fly up there, unmanned rockets carrying all manner of instruments will have to be sent aloft to explore these unknown dangers, so the engineers can find ways to protect the ship against them.

As the craft begins to fall toward the earth, on the latter half of its trajectory, the passengers will gradually be made aware that their journey is coming to an end. When a low enough altitude has been reached for the air to begin interaction with the rocket wings, the sensation of normal weight will gently return. The glider controls, still operated by automatic instruments, will now take over, and the rocket ship will begin to slide, like a mile-a-second iceboat, over the top of the denser layers of the air, at an altitude of perhaps fifty miles or so. While to an aeroplane of the 1,500-mile-an-hour type the air up there isn't thick enough to support flight, for a rocket ship going at 4,000 miles an hour or better, it is quite thick enough. To come down any lower, until the speed has been greatly reduced, would be to court disaster due to the heating effect of such rapid motion through the atmosphere.

But now at last the speed is slowed, and the rocket ship comes in for a landing. The passengers, strapped in their seats until the craft finally plops gently into its shock-absorbing receiving cradle at the airport, can now get up, stretch, yawn, and look at their watches.

If they left New York for San Francisco they will find on arrival that they have gained about two hours and a quarter in time, for the entire flight of 3,000 miles will have consumed only about forty-five minutes, whereas the difference in clock time between the east and west coasts is three hours.

Now that, of course, isn't the ultimate in either travel distances or speeds—but if we ever want to go faster, we'll have to begin thinking in terms of extra-terrestrial destinations : the moon, say, or Mars or Venus. Jet engineers and physicists say there is no theoretical reason why we shouldn't dream of someday taking such journeys outside of our earth. There just happens to be enormous engineering obstacles at present to their practical accomplishment.

So, if you are thinking of travel in the next few years, better confine your plans to 1,500-mile-an-hour jet planes, or 5,000-mile-an-hour rocket ships. The moon will come—but later.

END

1.8.47

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SOME PEOPLE are said to have green fingers: they cannot plant a thing but it seems to grow for the joy of it, and the flowers in their gardens seem larger, more radiantly happy than anywhere else. What, I wondered, would be the name for the fingers of women like Margaret, whose touch in quite an ordinary house transforms it into a spot where the spirit rests!

Golden fingers, perhaps, I thought, as Margaret's bits of warm copper and brass flickered the firelight round the room. Or silver fingers? There was her fruit-bowl shining just as it did on her wedding-day, ten, eleven years ago. Snowy fingers, was it? I looked at the shimmering whiteness of the tablecloth. But there was the glittering jet of the grate . . it couldn't be ebony fingers, no. I laughed; I was being too fanciful.

And yet . . loving fingers, that might be it! "A penny for them!" said a voice. And there was Margaret, laughing with me.

WITH ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS. *For the autumnal splendour of the copper kettle, and the golden gleam of the brass—to a touch of* BRASSO *now and then. For the treasured silver fruit-bowl growing lovelier with the years—to* SILVO'S *gentle care.* TO ZEBO—*for the grate, apparently carved in onyx, and for the snow-drift linen—to* RECKITT'S BLUE *in the final rinse.*

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